

TWENTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 22, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

INDO-CHINA'S HO CHI-MINH

\$6.00 A YEAR

1954-1955-1956-1957

VOL. LIV NO. 21



250 HP Chrysler New Yorker Deluxe St. Regis in Navajo Orange and Desert Sand

ANNOUNCING America's most smartly different car

CHRYSLER FOR 1955

WITH THE NEW 100-MILLION-DOLLAR LOOK

IT'S HAPPENED! . . . a wholly new direction in automotive styling for all cars to follow. Created by Chrysler: America's top performer and first in the next generation of motor cars!

Come see it. Everything here is completely new . . . dramatically different. It's the car with the new 100-Million-Dollar Look . . . and when you own and drive it you'll feel like a hundred million dollars!

New front end . . . you can spot it a mile away. "New Horizon" Super-Scenic sweepback windshield that allows maximum vision. New Twin-Tower tail lights that say "Stop!" with greatest authority. New sweeping silhouette — longer and lower than other big cars. New Power-Flite Range-Selector on the dash. New luxury interiors that surpass in color and richness anything you've ever seen before in an automobile.

Come drive it! Every Chrysler is now a V-8 — with engines up to 250 HP: most powerful type in the world. Famous Chrysler engineering also brings you PowerFlite, most automatic of all no-clutch transmissions . . . Chrysler Full-Time coaxial Power Steering . . . Power Brakes . . . and new tubeless tires. Stop in today and see for yourself why, now more than ever, the power of leadership is yours in a Chrysler!

B.F. Goodrich

— the inventor of Tubeless Tires, answers your questions about them

Q. Just how is the Tubeless different from regular tires?

A. At a glance they look alike. The basic difference is that the Tubeless needs no inner tube to hold air.

Q. What holds the air in?

A. A series of concentric rubber ridges around the outer bead that press against the rim flange. Plus an inner liner of special rubber, bonded to the tire, through which no air can seep. The new Tubeless



is open between the beads, the same as tires with tubes. The wheel rim seals off the air chamber.

Q. What holds Tubeless on the rim?

A. The same thing that holds a regular tire and tube to the rim: air pressure. The inner tube has nothing to do with it. A



Tubeless Tire hugs the rim even more firmly than a regular tire, due to its rim-seals.

Q. What are Tubeless advantages?

A. By eliminating the inner tube, it eliminates the source of most tire troubles. It's the inner tube that is subject to puncture flats and blowouts.

Q. Who invented Tubeless Tires?

A. B. F. Goodrich. Today, the whole tire industry is switching to Tubeless Tires, following the pioneering lead of B. F. Goodrich. A tire that would need no inner tube has always been the goal of tire and auto men. But nobody before was able to make a tubeless hold air

permanently and deliver full mileage in service. Finally, B. F. Goodrich, with new concepts of design and new man-made rubbers, solved the problem. In 1947, B. F. Goodrich announced the first successful Tubeless passenger car tire. Over 6 years ago it went on sale.

Q. Can I put them on my present car?

A. You bet! They fit your standard wheels. One exception is wire wheels where the spoke holes aren't airtight. No extras to buy. They're easier to mount than regular tires when rims are in good condition.



Q. What about blowouts?

A. Because a Tubeless Tire is its own air container, with no inner tube to be pinched if the tire is damaged, it doesn't blow out suddenly from a bruise break like a tire and tube.

If a bruise weakness develops in the tire,



it takes the form of a slow leak in the special liner which is a patented feature of the B. F. Goodrich Tubeless Tire. A dangerous bruise blowout becomes a safe s-s-slowout.

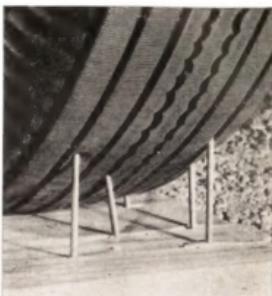
Q. Are all Tubeless Tires alike?

A. Not at all. B. F. Goodrich, for instance, makes two types: 1) The SAFETYLINER, which costs no more than a regular tire-and-tube, and comes on new cars as standard equipment. You can buy it now for your present car from your B. F. Goodrich retailer. 2) The LIFE-SAVER that seals punctures permanently. It's the Tubeless with the most!

Q. Are Tubeless "puncture proof"?

A. Any tire can be penetrated by a nail. If the tire has a tube, it quickly goes flat. If it's a B. F. Goodrich SAFETYLINER, the standard Tubeless Tire, loss of air is retarded. That's because the patented inner liner is not stretched, as a tube is, when the tire is inflated. It tends to grasp a puncturing object tightly and will hold

air for a considerable time while the puncturing object remains in the tire. You have time to go to a service station, where small punctures can be repaired without even taking the tire from the wheel.



On the other hand, a B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless Tire (above), needs no puncture repair. LIFE-SAVER seals its own punctures with a patented sealant under the tread, nail in or out. The self-sealing repair is instant, automatic, permanent.

Q. Can they be repaired? Recapped?

A. Any repair that can be made on a tube-type tire can also be made on a B. F. Goodrich Tubeless Tire. And they can be recapped just as easily as regular tires.

Q. How much do they cost, and where can I get them?

A. Some Tubeless Tires are premium-priced. But not the B. F. Goodrich SAFETYLINER.

It costs no more than a regular tire and tube! The B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER, with patented puncture sealing and an extra manufacturing step that gives caterpillar-action skid protection, costs a little more but gives still more safety. More than 3½ million B. F. Goodrich Tubeless Tires have been sold. They have been proved in over 50 billion miles of service. Only B. F. Goodrich has a six-year lead in use and proof. Only B. F. Goodrich has over 30,000 retailers Tubeless-trained to serve you. Find the nearest retailer in the Yellow Pages under the listing "Tires — B. F. Goodrich." Low down payment puts a set on your car. Convenient terms.

There are more B.F. Goodrich Tubeless Tires in use than all other makes combined



Charles Munch



"The Baldwin is unequaled in Concerto works with orchestra or in recital"

CHARLES MUNCH

To the truly great artist, his piano is as personal as his signature... and is chosen for its superlative interpretation of his touch. The world's most renowned pianists choose Baldwin not alone for the Beautiful Baldwin Tone but for the integrity of craftsmanship that makes each Baldwin piano a masterpiece. This is the genius of Baldwin: to the artist, a Baldwin Concert Grand is always his piano, "answering" with the same clear, vibrant voice whenever his fingers touch its keyboard into life.

At home, as on the concert stage, that Beautiful Baldwin Tone is a constant joy and source of pride. For perfection in performance is the most potent invitation to explorations into music. For pure delight in both the beauty and musical perfection of your piano, choose Baldwin.

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BUILDERS OF: BALDWIN GRAND PIANOS • ACRASONIC SPINET PIANOS
HAMILTON VERTICAL PIANOS • BALDWIN AND ORGA-SONIC ELECTRONIC ORGANS

Baldwin



LETTERS

The Uneasy Scientists

Sir:

True, the uneasy scientist who casts his lot with military-sponsored research is in a dilemma conceived in the unresolved conflict with his military counterpart [TIME, Nov. 1], but must he not hold himself accountable for an equal portion of this deplorable spectacle?

Americans have a weakness for making heroes of all who "arrive"—movie stars, football players, etc. It is indeed regrettable that only a few so acclaimed can weather the strain without becoming stage-struck prima donnas. Generals and scientists are not exceptions . . . Many scientists now feature themselves as authorities on international and domestic politics, industrial and governmental organization, finance, family relations, and military security. [They] seem to feel insulted . . . if their every opinion, on whatever subject, is not accepted without question and in the same worshipful manner that we accept the "truths" they so fervently pursue in their own disciplines . . .

WILEY THOMAS

Knoxville, Tenn.

Humility & Coexistence

Sir:

TIME, Nov. 1, appears at its worst in "Speak Low" when it reviews the books on foreign policy by Adlai Stevenson, George F. Kennan, Charles Burton Marshall and F. S. C. Northrop . . . To say that these books are noteworthy "not because they are good, but because they are so bad" reveals a fantastic presumption that TIME knows more about foreign affairs and how this country should act in foreign affairs than these men . . .

EDWARD V. HICKEY

W. Newton, Mass.

Sir:

When Kennan, Marshall, Northrop and Stevenson unite in recommending to our country less of arrogance and more of humility in dealing with our sister nations, it was inevitable that TIME . . . would disapprove, and refer to their books as "so bad." Losing TIME's approval, they may be consoled by the reflection that Solomon, Isaiah, Paul and Jesus gave similar counsel to an unheeding world.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER

Spokane

Sir:

How egotistical can [TIME] get? . . .

ARTHUR C. EHRLERS

Shirley, Ill.

Sir:

Adlai Stevenson says . . . "We are never going to solve many of the hard problems of the world, but will simply have to learn to live with them for years and maybe for centuries." What an ostrich-like policy—or rather a shocking lack of any!

A. J. MERCIK

Montreal

Saar Note

Sir:

With reference to "The Saar" in your Nov. 1 issue: "German since 1815 . . ." I presume 1915 is a simple misprint. The date should read 1815 . . .

THOMAS K. HERRMANN

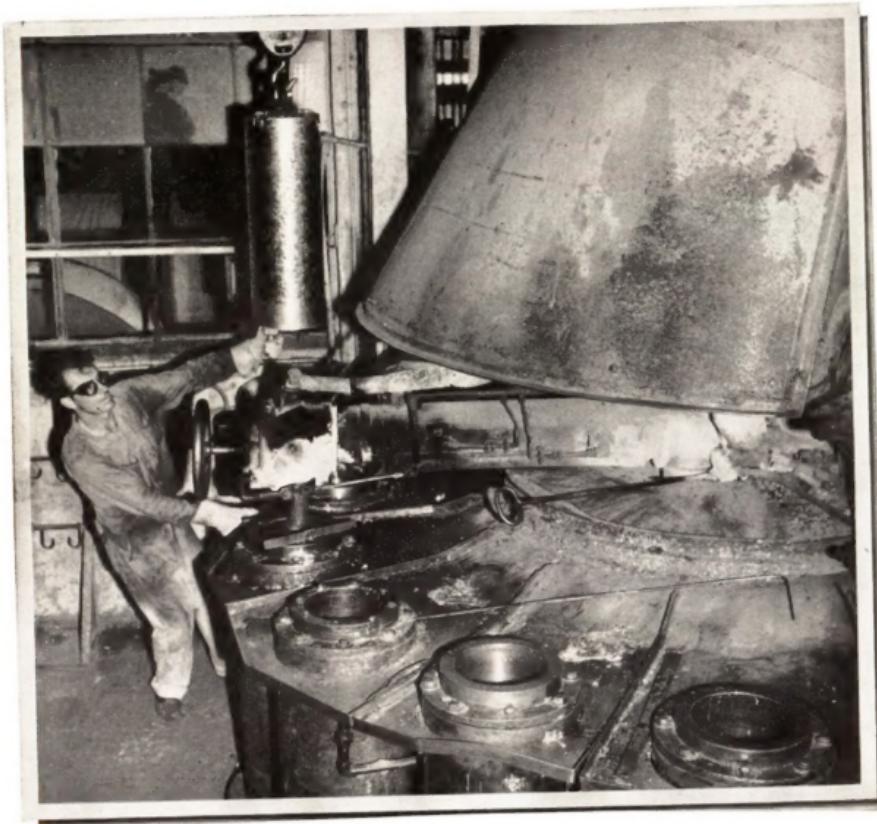
Brussels

¶ Misprint.—ED.

The Battle of Detroit

Sir:

With automobile fatalities running at an annual rate of [almost] 40,000, General Motors comes up with a 260-h.p. motor in its



DANGER! FUMES AND DUSTS

When a manufacturer suspects that fumes and dusts may endanger the health of his employees — what is the first step to take? There's no question when he has placed his compensation insurance with Liberty Mutual.

Here's a typical story of such a policyholder. In making molded rubber hose, a covering of lead is used as a sheath in the vulcanizing process. This creates two possible danger spots: one where the lead is melted; another at the stripping machine. Workers close by might be exposed to air containing harmful amounts of poisonous fumes.

This manufacturer does not have to use guesswork on this problem. He works closely with Liberty Mutual engineers and industrial hygienists to be sure that the working environment is in no way harm-

ful. An Industrial Medicine program keeps watch of the workers themselves.

An effective exhaust system has been installed. Air samples are tested periodically in Liberty's laboratories. The plant physician checks workers at regular intervals. These are control measures from the background of Liberty Mutual's broad experience in this field — controls checked carefully by Liberty Mutual engineering specialists.

All this is a brief glimpse of *Humanics* — the Liberty Mutual program that helps manufacturers make money. Not only does *Humanics* help lower insurance costs — it also helps eliminate the uninsurable costs of accidents in industry. For information call the nearest Liberty Mutual office or write to us at 175 Berkeley St., Boston 17, Mass.



We work to keep you safe

happy hunting

FOR ANYONE HUNTING A
GIFT FOR A TRAVELLER...



ISN'T THERE A SINGLE THING
HE DOESN'T HAVE? Then how
about a Hartmann Skymate Sing-
leton? Carries one suit and ac-
cessories in a space no deeper than
the length of a long cigarette.
Imported rawhide. \$115.



SHE'LL HAVE HER ARMS BOTH
FREE TO HUG YOU when you give
her this Hartmann Caravan
Cosmetic Case with over-arm
carrying strap. Safe berth for her
beauty needs. Country Tweed
with Belting Leather. \$39.50.



GET THIS ONE FOR YOUR MONEY
... AND TWO CAN GO ... it's the
Hartmann Tourrobe. Holds clothes
enough for two people! And is
light enough to ride free when
they're travelling by plane to-
gether. Buckskin Tan Ducord.
\$125.

If you'd like to order by mail,
write us, and we'll send your order
to the Hartmann Retailer
nearest you. He'll deliver in
time for Christmas.

All prices plus tax



For the Christmas traveller...

Hartmann
SKYMADE LUGGAGE

Say "Merry Christmas" and "I love you"
...with Hartmann Skymate Luggage. Also
indicate that you consider her a woman of
stupendous chic. Why else would you choose such
luggage for her? This is the newest look in
luggage. Slender, light, feminine. And expertly
simple. With none of those fripperies that add
weight, confuse women, and go out of kilter, even
before going out of date. The Skymate
will go through the years in model fashion.



Mink Coat by Ritter Brothers

Shown: four pieces from the Skymate group, in Buckskin Tan Ducord.
Left to right... 26" Pullman Case for Accessories, \$85;
Skyrobe All-Garment Case, \$100; Poudre Case on top, \$70;
the "Little" Case (bottom), a compact new short-trip dress case, \$80.
Other Hartmann Skymates from \$49.50. All prices plus tax.

HARTMANN COMPANY • RACINE, WISCONSIN

"BOTANY" "500"

Regency Gabardine

TAILORED BY DAROFF



For your best appearance this Fall and many more to come—a luxury topcoat, rich to the eye, soft to the touch, flattering to the wearer. It looks amazingly well after seasons of wear. Tailored by Daroff of the superior 2-ply, 100% virgin worsted with all the finest quality details.

\$67.50

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



'BOTANY' 500
tailored by **DAROFF**



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BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSaic, N. J.

"BY TEST—AMERICA'S BEST"



ON THE CUFF—This clothing comes to you with the X-RAY TAG—revealing the quality materials and workmanship which set the standard for clothing value, giving you America's best clothing buy.

has abandoned its isolationism." The anti-American attitude of the *New Statesman and Nation* ("Britain should turn to France not the U.S.") is what we expect from the left-wingers, but fortunately is not the view commonly held here . . .

ARTHUR S. HERBERT
Northwood, Middlesex, England

Sir:

Just a few passing comments on Professor Hoxie Fairchild's statement ["Religious Affiliation No Proof of Loyalty"—Judgments & Prophecies, Oct. 18]: while the terms "atheist" and "Communist" may not be coextensive, "Communist" and "atheist" certainly are. There is the assurance of Karl Marx that "Communism begins the very moment atheism begins," and the guarantee of Lenin that "atheism is an integral part of Communism" . . . In view of Marx's assertion, one is certainly justified in believing that the religious man is not only the better security risk but the better American as well . . .

AURELIAN F. SCHARF, O.F.M.
Rome

Punishment

Sir:

Re your Nov. 1 review of *The Adventures of Hajji Baba*: pun my word "Haydn seek," "Bach yard," "navel bombardment." Oh brother, 23 skiddoo, and oh you kid! Five will get you ten that the movie isn't as cornball as your review.

ARTHUR COLE

Toronto

Sir:

Your comments on Tiomkin had me Berlin and my Hart can't stand it. Please . . . do not subject me to such Strauss and strain. Music like this is an art; in fact man, the Mozart.

JOHN LOUGHREN

Brighton, Mass.

Sir:

. . . How Korngold can you get? And how heavy-Handeled?

H. N. KELLEY

Chicago

Where There's Smog . . .

Sir:

Happily I noted your article and pictures [Nov. 1] dealing with Southern California's No. 1 enemy—smog . . . Beguiled by the false claims, multitudes of health-seekers from all over the country have flocked to California—only to discover that its sunshine is as phony as the cowboys and sophisticates one sees at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. When not obscured by total smog, the sun shines through a haze similar to the one produced by burning charcoal. Its effect on animal and plant life is also well nigh the same.

RAPHAEL SHALIT

Los Angeles

Sir:

Smog is just a Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce weasel word. Fog does not enter it. The stuff is just plain smoke . . .

CHARLES OVERILL

Corona Del Mar, Calif.

Sir:

. . . SMOG IN THE LOS ANGELES AREA . . . IS AN IMPORTANT NEWS STORY BUT . . . YOU PUBLISHED A PHOTOGRAPH OF OUR EL SEGUNDO REFINERY OVER THE CAPTION LINE "DENSE SMOKE, POURING FROM STANDARD OIL REFINERY AT EL SEGUNDO . . ." WHICH SURELY IS AN INDICTMENT OF OUR OPERATIONS. [THE]

TIME, NOVEMBER 22, 1954

"DENSE SMOKE" IS IN REALITY ONLY HARMLESS WATER VAPOR, [PART OF] THE NORMAL OPERATION OF THIS OR ANY MODERN OIL REFINERY . . . AS PROOF WE CAN SUPPLY AERIAL PHOTOS TAKEN ON DAYS OF LOW HUMIDITY WHEN THESE VAPORS ARE NOT VISIBLE . . .

T. S. PETERSEN
PRESIDENT

STANDARD OIL CO. OF CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO

¶ For the view on such a day, see cut.
—ED.



REFINERY AT EL SEGUNDO, CALIF.

Peale's Appeal

Sir:

Re your fine articles on Billy Graham [Oct. 25] and Dr. Norman Vincent Peale [Nov. 1]. Dr. Peale attracts thousands with seven psychiatrists and his Pollyanna Gospel. What lady would want "relax" and be a bag? Graham faces the facts of life and preaches the Gospel with hell-fire. It wins the respect of millions. I'll take Billy Graham.

(THE REV.) JOHN R. STEVENSON
Burns Presbyterian Church
Burns, Wyo.

Sir:

Dr. Peale's syrupy, Coué-d Christianity is an increasing disgrace to American Protestantism . . . It reduces the Creator of Heaven and Earth to an aspirin tablet. Shame on the National Council of Churches for losing so much integrity in sponsoring this pretentious prophet!

(THE REV.) WALTER D. WAGONER
(THE REV.) ANDREW ARMSTRONG

(THE REV.) ARTHUR SEYDA
Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

. . . When is this awful windbag going to collapse and stay collapsed like his poetical "burlap bag"? . . . With Protestantism cutting up such dodos, no wonder the Catholic Church is gaining ground every year.

MAUDE S. SUMACHER
Mandarin, Fla.

Sir:

. . . I do not think the story treats religion with the respect it deserves . . . Any interpretation of my message that leaves out the name of Jesus Christ completely ignores the source of the power which I am urging people to use in their daily lives. When Time says that my suggestions as to how to open up one's life to this power "make personal salvation a kind of do-it-yourself project," it misses the very essence of my preaching . . . The statement that I "see in Christianity not so much redemption by suffering as an easy way to rise above sorrow" is a flippant distortion by contrast, where there is no inherent contradiction.

(THE REV.) NORMAN V. PEALE
Marble Collegiate Church
New York City

Your engine's life depends on a film of oil twice as thin as the hairspring of a watch!



The clearance between many high-speed engine parts is often less than 1/1000th of an inch.

Use high-quality Quaker State for the film that keeps engine wear at a minimum

SUPER FILM! Quaker State Motor Oil forms an enduring *super film* that guards your engine against wear. A fine, stable, long-lasting film between moving parts that protects as it lubricates, cleans as it cools. Specifically made for today's high-speed, high compression engines, the result of a half century of continuous improvement. Quaker State is refined from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. It is famous for lubricating qualities, for protection, and for long-lasting economy.

Quaker State Motor Oil is made in new streamlined grades to suit the requirements of all makes of cars and for every type of service. Ask your dealer.



QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

LEADERSHIP DEMANDS CONSTANT ACHIEVEMENT



BIGGER RADOMES FOR MORE PROTECTION. The radar Super Constellation picket plane is an extremely vital unit for U. S. protection. It can warn the nation hours earlier of enemy attack, because it has long range, high speed, plus six tons of electronic intelligence packed in radomes as big as swimming pools (like the bottom one pictured above).

WORLD'S FASTEST PROPELLER-DRIVEN AIRPLANE is turbo-propeller Super Constellation for the U. S. Navy (shown below). Now flying, it will be capable of speeds 100 mph faster than any propeller airplane now in service. Powered by Pratt & Whitney T-34 turbo-propeller engines, this plane promises new speed, new performance and greater economy potentials.





NEWEST TRANSPORT CONCEPT is Lockheed's C-130A turbo-prop assault transport, shown here in its dramatic first flight. Now in production at Government Aircraft Plant No. 6, operated by Lockheed's Georgia Division in

Marietta, this giant plane literally jumped off the runway in one-third the distance required for today's commercial transports. This new cargo plane incorporates scores of new features for better handling of troops, materiel and equipment.

6 New Lockheeds for U.S. Protection

Powerful Team Includes Truly Amazing Jet Fighter, High-Speed Assault Transport and Vital Picket Plane

When you go to bed tonight, you can sleep easier because of the remarkable development of U.S. air power in recent years. A vital part of this development is Lockheed's unique team of new defenders, a wide variety of aircraft that alone would constitute the entire air force for most nations.

These new planes help the U.S. Air Force and the U.S. Navy protect our Pacific shores from Alaska to Mexico and our entire Atlantic seaboard. They include sub hunters, long-range patrol bombers and a flying radar station with radomes as big as swimming pools to warn the nation hours earlier of enemy air attack. And other new models, too secret to photograph or talk about, include the XF-104 Day Superiority Fighter, now undergoing rigorous Air Force evaluation tests, so successful the Air Force already has issued a production contract for an undisclosed quantity.

FLIES STRAIGHT UP, LANDS STRAIGHT DOWN. This is the Lockheed XFY-1 Vertical Ascender, a revolutionary new concept of aircraft developed in cooperation with the U.S. Navy. Now, every ship can have its own protective fighter umbrella, every back yard could become a landing field if needed.



NEW NAVY ADVANCED JET TRAINER. Often called the world's safest jet airplane, Lockheed's new T2V-1 advanced trainer for the U.S. Navy has so many new safety and performance features it can be used for carrier landing and takeoff and can utilize existing short fields for propeller aircraft. By training better jet pilots quicker, this trainer boosts Navy's ability to protect America. Another product of close Navy-Lockheed design teamwork.

ADVANCED GUIDED MISSILE SYSTEMS DEVELOPMENT

Eminent scientists, nuclear physicists, and engineers have joined forces at Lockheed's new Missile Systems Division in Van Nuys, California. Their mission is to solve the nation's prime defense problem, to give our armed forces totally reliable means of delivering our defensive and retaliatory weapons to their targets. To accomplish this vital task, Lockheed has appropriated \$10,000,000 for a program of laboratory research and development.

Lockheed

AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

California Division—Burbank, California
Georgia Division—Marietta, Georgia
Missile Systems Division—Van Nuys, California
Lockheed Aircraft Service—Burbank, California
Lockheed Air Terminal—Burbank, California

LOOK TO LOCKHEED
FOR LEADERSHIP

NEWEST SUB HUNTER is the Navy's latest version of the Lockheed P2V Neptune Patrol Bomber, a rugged, radar-laden flying sentinel with many secret missions. Its primary job: patrolling coastal waters against possible enemy submarines. Note new jet engines for added speed, power.





If the man you love
loves golf—

we're talking to you...

If your carpet is beginning to look like a putting green, and you sometimes find a golf club on a living room chair—then we're talking to you . . .

New golf balls are always a welcome present—especially the new DURA-THIN[®] covered Spalding DOT.[®] A dozen DOTS are the perfect choice. They give good golfers maximum performance and uniformity on every shot from tee to green.

Or, if you've planned this Christmas to give something "extra-special"—we want to tell you about the one Christmas present he *really wants*! A matched set of Spalding SYNCHRO-DYED TOP-FLITE[®] clubs—the very finest in golf equipment.

Here's why they're used by America's top golfers: The secret of a better golf club is in the "feel." And SYNCHRO-DYED golf clubs with the new Rocket shaft mean that every club in a matched set has an *identical feel*! He'll hit his shots longer, straighter and really *improve his game*!

Since these fine clubs and the Spalding DOT are sold only by golf professionals, we suggest that you talk to the Pro at your husband's club. He'll tell you more about these famous TOP-FLITE registered clubs and why the Spalding DOT is the ball good golfers use.

Why not talk to the family about making Spalding TOP-FLITES the *big* gift this Christmas? It's the ideal way to say to any golfer: "We think you're something special!"

P.S. If the lady is a golfer and *she* really loves golf—Spalding makes *her* golf clubs too!

SPALDING
TOP-FLITE CLUBS
DOT GOLF BALLS



Stetson Hallmark, Twelve Ninety-Five

Please look at the Stetson Hallmark—it, too, is brand new

The above is just about the only scene the new Stetson Hallmark won't steal. For Stetson has proudly poured all its craftsmanship and style into this new lightweight hat—specifically designed to be the most comfortable hat you've

ever owned. It features smart bound-edge snap brim and medium height crown. And it's as soft as the look in a baby's eyes. In many colors—\$12.95. Other Stetson Hats to \$100. Also made in Canada. Stetson is part of the man.

The Stetson Hallmark is a registered trademark of the John B. Stetson Company. Stetson has been the standard of hat comfort for over 70 years. Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company, and its affiliated companies throughout the world.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

A Feeling of Confidence

While the recounting and recanvassing went on, some analysts mistook the closeness of the November election to mean that U.S. citizens were uneasy and plagued by doubt. They had refused to give a vote of confidence to either political party. Were they fearful and doubtful about the future of the U.S.? Last week, from one coast to the other, there were ringing indications that the prevailing mood in the U.S. is not doubt, but confidence.

One index was the stock market, reflecting the feeling of investors. The elections set off a surge of buying; the Dow-Jones industrial average climbed to its highest level since 1929. Evidently, investors accepted the Republican vow to avoid creeping socialism and the Democratic pledge to prevent creeping unemployment. The middle of the road might be crowded, but it was comfortable.

Signs of confidence spread far beyond Wall Street. In Detroit, confident automobile manufacturers pushed production to a record high (see BUSINESS). Elsewhere, the furnaces in U.S. steel mills burned brighter and hotter than they had for many months. Television-set production hit a record high; the building boom continued unabated; electric power output passed all previous levels.

Paralleling this confidence at home was the constant, world-wide tension of the Cold War. But even here there was improvement (see FOREIGN NEWS). And in the Cold War there could be no better omen for the U.S. than the clear signs that came last week from a healthy economy. After a political struggle, after talk of recession, in the midst of world tension, the people of the U.S. were steadfastly reaffirming their faith in dynamic American capitalism as an economic system and as a social order.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Little Visitor

Japan's Premier Shigeru Yoshida is a tiny (5 ft. 1 in.), bouncy man of 76, who likes to wear old-fashioned wing collars and pince-nez and who, like another well-known Prime Minister, has a fondness for strong brandy and premier-sized cigars. Last week Yoshida was in the U.S. on a twofold mission: 1) to pay a formal goodwill call, and 2) to find some economic succor for his hungry homeland. The protocol tour was a resounding success, but



JAPAN'S YOSHIDA & SENATE FRIENDS. A cigar in the museum, confusion in the Pentagon, trouble in Asia.

the fund-raising expedition turned out to be a disappointment for the little visitor.

Warm Welcomes. Yoshida arrived in the U.S. after a month-long tour of European capitals. Pausing in New York, he took time off for a quick trip through the Museum of Modern Art, where he was allowed two extraordinary privileges: 1) he was permitted to keep his glowing cigar as he whisked through the galleries, and 2) he didn't have to remove his shoes when he inspected the model Japanese home in the museum's garden.

In Washington the Premier of the country that attacked Pearl Harbor only a little more than a decade ago was given the warmest of welcomes. He addressed the National Press Club, and went to the White House for a conference and a pleasant lunch with President Eisenhower. When Yoshida arrived on Capitol Hill, the Senate gave him a standing ovation. "A great friend of the U.S. in the cause of freedom," said Vice President Nixon in his speech of welcome.

At the Pentagon Yoshida encountered the only lapse in the social success of his

visit. After a talk with Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson, his party could find no trace of their guide. Vice Admiral Arthur Davis, a sailor who happened to be passing by, volunteered to guide them to the office of Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. There they learned that Radford had left for Europe several days earlier, and nobody had bothered to cancel the Yoshida appointment. Turned loose in the Pentagon maze once more, the Premier and his aides wandered around uncertainly until a reporter noticed their bewilderment and escorted them out of the building.

Cool Answers. The Premier's official mission—aid for Japan—ended on an equally uncertain note. On the eve of Yoshida's arrival the State Department announced that the U.S. was prepared to sell Japan \$100 million in surplus wheat and cotton. Yoshida had grander ideas: something like \$400 million in "investment help" to rebuild the island empire's economy and

thereby renew her moldering industry.

In his Press Club speech the round little Premier suggested another aid program along the lines of the Marshall Plan, which would extend \$4 billion to non-Communist Asia, including Japan. With his proposal Yoshida couched a warning: "Somewhere, somehow, a way must be found to increase [current] help, if these underdeveloped areas are to survive in the free world family . . . Action less noble, less decisive than that which I have outlined will not be enough to tip the scales."

Secretary Dulles quickly turned thumbs down on the proposal. "Conditions which exist in Southeast Asia are quite different from those in Western Europe at the time of the Marshall Plan," he told a press conference. "I am not today convinced that it would be practical to attempt to spend . . . any such figures as would compare with the Marshall Plan figures." But, the Secretary promised, the U.S. would continue its efforts to find an economic solution for Japan and the rest of free Asia.

WORLD TRADE

Climbing the Barriers

Since the Eisenhower Administration took office in 1953, it has encountered one obstacle after another in its efforts toward freer trade with other nations. Last week, however, a whole series of developments made the slogan, "Trade, not aid," begin to ring a little truer.

New Venture. Most dramatic among the week's trade-policy developments was Treasury Secretary George Humphrey's announcement that he had approved U.S. participation in the International Finance Corp., an institution to be set up as a subsidiary of the World Bank (International Bank for Reconstruction and Development). IFC, brain child of the World Bank's President Eugene Black, will invest capital and share ownership in private ventures, mainly in underdeveloped lands, and thus also promote private investments which would not otherwise be made.

As such, it is a new concept in international lending which differs from both the World Bank and the U.S. Export-Import Bank. The World Bank can make loans only for projects guaranteed by the government of the country involved, a rule which invites government meddling, discouraging many investors. The Export-Import Bank's chief purpose is to promote the purchase of U.S. products.

Key to Black's plan is to secure IFC's money with debentures, a cross between stocks and bonds which pay a fixed interest, fluctuate in value, represent ownership in the company but carry no voting rights. With this device, rarely used in international finance, IFC can avert the stigma of creeping socialism (it will have no voice in management) while realizing capital gains. Black expects most debentures to be convertible into common stock, so that IFC will find a ready market when it is ready to take its profits out of a smoothly running new business.

For IFC to start operating, at least 30 countries must subscribe a total of \$75



CONGRESSMAN COOPER
Transatlantic promise.

million. The U.S. share: almost half the minimum total—\$35 million.

Opportunity's Corners. From both sides of the Atlantic last week came other good news on the trade front. Items: ¶ At Geneva for the opening session on revision of GATT (the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade), Assistant Secretary of State Samuel C. Waugh read a letter from President Eisenhower in which Ike said that he "looks forward to early action" in the next Congress on his international trade program.

¶ Next day, also at Geneva, Tennessee's Democratic Congressman Jere Cooper, the House Ways and Means Committee's prospective chairman, promised that tariff revision will be "one of the first major



BANKER BLACK
Global prospects.

pieces of legislation" that his committee will take up, come January.

¶ The State Department disclosed that, at the President's request, it had ordered Foreign Service officers to give more help to U.S. businessmen abroad.

¶ The Foreign Operations Administration has launched a new program to promote U.S. investment abroad. It has already compiled and distributed to businessmen a list of industrial projects needed in various countries. To augment the list, FOA is training a force of 16 business-school graduates, who will scatter to the globe's corners looking for investment opportunities.

¶ The Export-Import Bank announced a new policy of extending general credit lines up to \$10 million each to exporters of capital equipment. The foreign customer must pay 20% down; the U.S. exporter must finance 20%, and the Export-Import Bank will lend the rest. The two first credit lines under this policy: \$4,000,000 to The Oliver Corp. (farm implements); \$6,000,000 to Combustion Engineering, Inc. (steam boilers).

THE PRESIDENCY

The Peacekeeper

During the recent election campaign, Republican politicians (led by Vice President Richard Nixon) repeatedly argued that President Eisenhower "got us out of war and kept us out of war." Few U.S. voters got the full impact of the words. Twice this year the general in the White House, in agonizingly difficult personal decisions, quite literally kept the U.S. out of a shooting war. In the final weeks before the fall of Dienbienphu and, again, when an invasion of Quemoy Island seemed imminent, the Joint Chiefs of Staff recommended that the U.S. roll back Communist pressure by bombing every worthwhile military target in Red China. Ike said no, and the course of U.S. policy was turned into other channels. Last week General Eisenhower was again playing the peacekeeper's role.

Promising Possibility. Only a day before Ike traveled to Boston for a foreign-policy speech, Russian MiGs stationed in the Kurile Islands shot down a U.S. B-29 photo-mapping plane off the coast of Japan, killing one crewman. The President acknowledged the provocation, but insisted in his speech that "the possibility of permanent peace is more promising than in any time in recent years." He was not succumbing to the notion that the Communists are reforming. The prospects for peace are stronger, he said, because the free world had strengthened itself through a plan to rearm Germany, a Pacific defense pact and the end of tension in such trouble spots as Iran and Trieste.

At his press conference, the President remarked that the Soviet note on the B-29 incident did not contain the usual insulting broadsides; he believed that it showed what he called a considerably different and more conciliatory attitude than the Reds had displayed in the past. His own tone about the incident was mod-

erate: the attack had taken place over disputed waters between the Red-held Kuriles and Hokkaido; the U.S. considered itself the aggrieved party, but the incident was not entirely clear-cut.

Continuing Problem. From Capitol Hill came cries of outrage because U.S. Ambassador to Russia Charles ("Chip") Bohlen attended a Moscow party celebrating the 37th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution after the B-29 was shot down. Again President Eisenhower took a conciliatory position: Bohlen had received only fragmentary news of the attack minutes before leaving for the party, and the President had no complaint against Bohlen's judgment or decision.⁹

Conflicting pressures on the President never quite cease. Last week the Joint Chiefs of Staff were still recommending air and sea attack on China at the first serious provocation. On the other hand, every bookstore was well stocked with volumes by such critics as Adlai Stevenson and George F. Kennan, who insist that the Administration does not step softly enough, panics in a crisis, blusters, bullies, and frightens the rest of the world. The President's continuing, critical problem is to keep the peace without appearing,

From Boston to Abilene

There are vast, almost cosmic, differences between Boston and Abilene, Kansas. But they both like Ike.

The President flew to Boston early last week, at the invitation of Archbishop Richard J. Cushing, to address the 27th national convention of the National Council of Catholic Women. In a bipartisan speech on world peace (*see above*), Ike made a bipartisan political aside. He said, with real feeling, that he joined in the prayers of Boston that Democratic Senator John Kennedy "be shortly restored to full health."¹⁰ After the speech, the President rode through downtown Boston's Washington Street, was greeted by a storm of confetti and a huge, cheering crowd.

Honor by Dagger. After two days back in Washington, the President took off for Abilene to dedicate the new Eisenhower Memorial Museum. Ike himself was surprised at the number of people who waited along highways and streets to catch a glimpse of him. On a tour of the old Eisenhower home he was visibly annoyed when he saw that tourists had gouged pieces of plaster out of the house's walls as souvenirs.

It was only a short stroll across what used to be the family vegetable garden to the new museum. Ike spent an hour looking at the mementos of his own life (everything from a *TIME* cover portrait

⁸ Bohlen is being brought home at the end of this month for a report on recent Russian moves, but his trip was scheduled before the plane incident.

⁹ There have been persistent reports that Kennedy, after surgery for an old back injury, is near death in a New York hospital. Last week his father, Joseph Kennedy, sometime (1938-40) Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, said "Such reports are not in accordance with the facts."



ARCHBISHOP CUSHING & FRIEND
Prayer is nonpartisan.

United Press

to war souvenirs). Pausing before a jeweled dagger given him by Russian Marshal Zhukov, he remarked that it had been a "very great personal honor; when a marshal takes off his ceremonial dagger and gives it to you, that's something."

Next day the Eisenhower family went to the Abilene cemetery to look at the graves of the President's parents, David Jacob and Ida Stover Eisenhower. The plain granite headstone marked "Eisenhower" was surrounded by dry, brown grass, and a worried frown crossed Ike's face. "Can't we do something about this old buffalo grass?" he asked.

Straight from Hopalong. Returning East, the President flew off to get in some duck hunting at the Cedar Point shooting club on Lake Erie near Toledo as the guest of Treasury Secretary George Humphrey. Ike, who hadn't hunted waterfowl in 20 years, used a 20-gauge double-barrel rather than the bigger, conventional duck gun, the 12-gauge. Nevertheless, he got his limit of four ducks in only 30 minutes the first morning. Before he left Toledo,



DIXON-YATES
Politics is a pain.

the President indulged one of his impulses. He telephoned a twelve-year-old girl, Patricia Gilbert, to thank her for a good-luck medal she had mailed him. He found that Patricia's gift was really heartfelt: she had gotten the medal straight from Hopalong Cassidy.

THE CONGRESS Broader Than Dixon-Yates

When they were finally sure that the voters had given them control of Congress, Democrats on Capitol Hill set out to force the Atomic Energy Commission to do their bidding. Their target was the Dixon-Yates power contract (*TIME*, Nov. 8), up for consideration before the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee. They could not prevent the signing of the contract, but they did threaten to nullify it next year. Announced Senate Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson: "We expect that . . . the Dixon-Yates thing can be given a quiet burial."

Feet to the Fire. The best support Democrats had for their argument was the testimony of Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas Murray, the AEC's lone remaining Truman appointee. He told the Joint Committee that some features of the contract did not serve the best interests of the U.S. AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss decided to negotiate for contract changes which Murray wanted knowing he needed Murray's approval to take some of the steam out of the Democratic attack.

The AEC's representatives held the Dixon-Yates attorneys' feet to the political fire, and came away with several important concessions. Among them: 1) the U.S. will have the right (e.g., in the event that the Democratic Congress so orders) to "recapture" the Dixon-Yates facilities during the contract's first three years; 2) the company will be limited to (but not assured of) annual earnings of \$600,000 (equivalent to a 10.9% return on investment). In return, the Dixon-Yates group won the right to cancel the contract after next Feb. 15 if it fails to get Securities and Exchange Commission authority to float the necessary stock issue.

Deciding that the contract was now "in

the public interest," Democratic Commissioner Murray voted to go ahead with the signing. By a 10-8 party-line vote, the Joint Committee then waived a 30-day layover period required for such contracts. But the Democrats were by no means ready to admit defeat. Lyndon Johnson had cried that the next Congress, with New Mexico Democrat Clinton Anderson as Joint Committee chairman, would "expose Dixon-Yates, written in the dark of the moon, to some good New Mexican sunlight."

Inside the Question. Amid the furor on Capitol Hill, Dwight Eisenhower threw his weight more firmly than ever behind the Dixon-Yates plan for building a \$107 million private power plant at West Memphis, Ark., and against the alternative of making a Government outlay of about that much for additional Tennessee Valley Authority steam-generating capacity. The question involved, the President pointed out, is broader than Dixon-Yates. It is: Should the Federal Government perpetually expand its role in the power industry? In a letter to Chairman "Stub" Cole of the Joint Committee, the President wrote: "If the Federal Government assumes responsibility in perpetuity for providing the TVA area with all the power it can accept, generated by any means whatsoever, it has a similar responsibility with respect to every other area and region and corner of the U.S."

At his press conference, the President related that he had asked the TVA expansion advocates, "Well, now, are you ready to support this kind of development for the Upper Mississippi?" They just looked at him and said, "That is outside the question." But it wasn't outside the question to him, said Ike. Nothing in the Dixon-Yates contract could raise by a single cent the prices that TVA charges its customers. The President added, so if there is anything political in it, someone is making it that way.

Hardly noticed in the Dixon-Yates political battle are the two public utility executives whose names it bears. Who is Dixon, and who Yates? Edgar H. Dixon, 49, president of Middle South Utilities, Inc., and Eugene Adams Yates, 74, chairman of The Southern Co., joined forces to set up the Mississippi Valley Generating Co. (Dixon, president) which will operate the new West Memphis plant. Both men were born in New Jersey; both are Episcopalians, Republicans, members of Washington's Metropolitan Club, directors of several Southern power companies and amateur gardeners.

Dixon, who lives in Tenafly, N.J., has been in the utility business since he became a clerk for the Electric Bond & Share Co. after his graduation from high school in 1922. Among other business connections, he is a vice president of Electric Energy, Inc., which is building a steam plant to supply the AEC's Paducah, Ky., installation. Yates, an engineer (Rutgers '02), worked for five years on two railroad tunnels under New York's East River,

since 1911 has spent much of his time in the South. As vice president of Wendell Willkie's Commonwealth & Southern, he helped Willkie with the fight against TVA. As for the Dixon-Yates project, he points out that it is a small part of his company's business and one which may yield no profit. Says he: "The whole thing's a pain in the neck."

Joe & the Handmaidens

Now we pray that in all the deliberations here begun Thou will save us from pride of opinion, from intolerance and prejudice, and from lightly ascending any throne of judgment.

Last week the U.S. Senate met to consider censure action against Wisconsin's Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, and the ascension to judgment's throne was rocky indeed. Within minutes after the chaplain finished his opening prayer, Joe McCarthy



WISCONSIN'S McCARTHY
Touched.

was fighting the only way he knows how, with tooth, nail and knee, to make the debate one of the most acrimonious and personally bitter in Senate history.

Sitting next to each other in their regular places on the Republican side of the aisle were McCarthy and Utah's frail, grey Arthur Watkins, chairman of the select committee which recommended censure. Their chairs were only a couple of feet apart, but the space between their shoulders was twice that (each man leaned away from the other), and the distance between their convictions was immeasurable.

Tentacles & Toes. When Republican Leader William Knowland announced that Watkins wanted to make a few routine changes in the printer's copy of the committee report, McCarthy was on his toes, snarling objections. "Highly improper," he cried, although he knew such changes are more the rule than the exception.

Utah's Watkins patiently explained that the proposed changes were typographical, with one brief deletion of an obvious error. Replied McCarthy: "I have found so many obvious errors that I should like to know which one the Senator is deleting."

When Watkins tossed a copy of the corrected report on McCarthy's desk, McCarthy whined that he now had to go through 72 pages. "The Senator from Utah has told me that he knows what these errors are," he complained. "Why does he not mark them for me?" South Dakota's mild-mannered Republican Senator Francis Case, a censure committee member, scurried over to Joe's desk, rifled through the pages and slapped the report down so hard that papers went flying. "It's a marked copy," he snorted.

Moments later, the Senate adjourned—after approving the corrections—and McCarthy airily told reporters: "I can see no major changes." Then he ducked off the Senate floor and into the men's room, where he slapped a newsman on the back and announced: "I'm back in shape."

Next day, McCarthy gave the press a speech which he planned (he said) to make to the Senate the following day. It was the usual attempt to equate anti-McCarthyism with pro-Communism—but this was the first time McCarthy had tried that line on such recognized conservatives as the members of the Watkins Committee. Said he: "I would have the American people recognize, and contemplate in dread, the fact that the Communist Party—a relatively small group of deadly conspirators—has now extended its tentacles to that most respected of American bodies, the U.S. Senate; that it has made a committee of the Senate its unwitting handmaiden."

In his long years in politics, Committee Member Ed Johnson has been called many things. But when he heard of McCarthy's statement, Colorado's tough, burly Johnson gruffed: "This is the first time I've ever been called a handmaiden."

Chamber Music. Next morning, Arthur Watkins took the floor to deliver a dry, seven-page explanation of his committee's findings, including the censure recommendation (one of two) for McCarthy's having called New Jersey's Republican Senator Robert Hendrickson a "living miracle without brains or guts." When McCarthy heard the quote, he grinned, went over to slap Hendrickson on the back, and whispered: "Bob, you've got both brains and guts, and I'll put it in writing." But McCarthy would make no public apology.

In beginning his statement, Arthur Watkins referred to his "physical limitations," but said he would answer questions for "as long as I can stand here." Watkins has a spastic stomach condition, left by ulcers, which sometimes causes him to black out after being on his feet for long periods of time. McCarthy knew this—but he promptly made a typical McCarthy charge that Watkins was merely trying to avoid questions. (Over the weekend, McCarthy went to Wisconsin, where he ac-

cused Watkins of "cowardly conduct" for demanding that future questions be put in writing. When McCarthy repeated his old charge that some of the Watkins Committee members were biased against him, Watkins had a quick answer: "The only time it would be possible to get a completely neutral person would be to select one who was deaf, dumb and blind, and was a moron to start with."

The day's session ended with McCarthy deciding he did not have time to deliver his "handmaiden" speech. The Wisconsin Senator's decision pointed up the fact that he was not really trying to impress the Senate, but to grab the headlines and stir dissension. Leaving the Senate floor that afternoon, McCarthy lawyer Edward Williams was asked by a newsman: "Ed, your boy sure isn't trying to win friends and influence people, is he?" Replied Williams, wearily: "That's one book Joe didn't write."

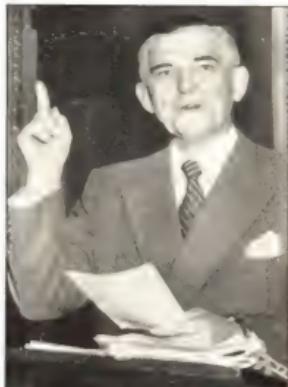
Corridor Clamor. Joe was not without friends, however, and the next day they began arriving in Washington. From McCarthy's own Wisconsin came a pitiful little caravan (which had been stalled for a night in Kenosha with an ailing engine coil) consisting of two cars and a truck. From New York came a trainload of McCarthyites headed by Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, director of the American Jewish League Against Communism, whose slogan is: "Strike terror into the hearts of Flanders and Malenkov." One man wore a white suit and brandished a butterfly net, aping Joe's suggestion that Vermont's Senator Ralph Flanders, who started the censure movement, should be caught with a net.

The group waved such placards as WHY DID ALGER HISS WANT TRIAL IN VERMONT? DO YOU KNOW SENATOR FLANDERS? This referred to the fact that Flanders' brother's wife's sister's divorced husband was a brother of Alger Hiss's wife. Then McCarthy followers milled around

the Capitol and Senate Office Building most of the day. Once when McCarthy strode down a Capitol corridor, a grandmotherly woman darted out, touched him, and dashed away shrieking: "I touched him!"

McCarthy's fans saw him on one of his better days. Senator Case, looking and speaking like Mr. Peepers about to propose marriage to Nancy Remington, offered Joe a way out. A raft of apologies for past actions, suggested Case, might result in McCarthy's not being censured. Joe ignored the offer, but he did speak politely to Case (who, thus encouraged, later said he would support a "constructive" substitute to the censure motion).

That night the McCarthy faithful—some 3,500 of them—gathered for a rally in what one of them referred to as the "so-called Constitutional Hall." Tickets were labeled "Admit One Anti-Communist." On hand were South Dakota's Republican



Associated Press

MISSISSIPPI'S STENNIS
Splattered escutcheon.

Bridges, worked in the back rooms, trying to write a compromise resolution which would slap Joe's wrist but stop short of censure. Helping them was California's Senator William Knowland, who seems to think that his majority-leadership post makes him a Fanny Fixit, obliged to rush to the aid of all Republicans, regardless of what those Republicans may stand for. But McCarthy himself was not cooperating with the compromise effort; martyrdom was too inviting.

While they maneuvered, the debate roared on. Kansas conservative Republican Senator Frank Carlson, no conspirator, rose to object to any McCarthy "defense" which makes its point by attacking either the intelligence or the sincere intentions of the committee. Although the Democratic strategy was to keep quiet and enjoy a Republican v. Republican fight, one of the week's strongest speeches came from Mississippi's Democratic Senator John Stennis, a former judge and a highly respected member of the Watkins Committee.

The Wisconsin Senator's conduct "must be condemned," said Stennis. He called McCarthy's handmaiden speech "a continuation of the slush and slime." It was, he said, "another spot on the escutcheon of the Senate, another splash and splatter." Many more words would be uttered before the debate ended, but quiet John Stennis focused the issue clearly when he said that unless the Senate censures McCarthy "something big and fine will have gone from this chamber . . . something wrong will have entered and been accepted."

SEQUELS

Dead Letter

In the full flush of victory, Ohio's U.S. Senator-elect George H. Bender published off a letter to Richard Cull, Dayton News political reporter: "Dear Dick—This is just a note to thank you for all you did



United Press

UTAH'S WATKINS
Prodged stomach.

Senator Karl Mundt, the hapless chairman of the Army-McCarthy hearings; John Maragon, convicted five-percenter, sporting an "I'm for Joe" button; Columnist Westbrook Pegler; and New York's ex-Congressman Ham Fish and Montana's ex-Senator Burton K. Wheeler, relics of another age. Throughout the rally, the vice commander of the Wall Street American Legion auxiliary proudly clutched an autographed picture of Roy Cohn.

Finally, Joe himself, accompanied by wife Jean, made a "surprise" appearance. The place went wild. On the speaker's platform, McCarthy waxed emotional flourishing a white handkerchief in front of his nose. There was some doubt as to whether he was weeping or merely flushing his bad sinuses, but the gesture was the signal for many of the women to burst into tears.

Slush & Slime. All week long prominent McCarthy Senators, e.g., Illinois' Everett Dirksen and New Hampshire's Styles



Associated Press

KANSAS' CARLSON
Wounded honor.

in my behalf during the senatorial campaign. I valued the endorsement of the *News*, and feel sure that you had something to do with my obtaining it. Indeed, I am grateful, and hope that I may continue to merit the approval of your paper and yourself. With fondest regards, I am cordially, George H. Bender."

There was just one thing wrong with Republican Bender's letter. The *News* endorsed Bender's opponent, Democratic Senator Thomas Burke.

Backfire

When Connecticut Democrats nominated Abraham Ribicoff as their candidate for governor last June, some Democratic Party leaders held their breath. In all of Yankee and Catholic New England, no Jew had ever been elected to a governorship. But no one sought to raise the



Underwood & Underwood

THE JOHN MARSHALL HARLANS
The Court finally caught up with Grandpa.

religious issue against Ribicoff until the final week of the campaign. Then a 68-year-old Milford realtor named John F. McCoy, a Democrat, sent out some 200 letters (which he signed "Friend Bob") attacking Ribicoff on the basis of his religion, and condemning New Haven's Democratic Mayor Richard C. Lee for having appointed the first Negro as that city's corporation counsel.

Last week, in defeat, members of Governor John Lodge's Republican team, proud of the high-level campaign they had conducted, did more than deplore Democrat McCoy's discordant note. At the request of a Republican state's attorney in New Haven, McCoy was charged under state statutes with four counts of ridicule by advertising, based on religion, race or color, and one count of breach of the peace (all misdemeanors). If found guilty, "Friend Bob" could be punished by fines up to \$700 or 240 days in jail, or both.

THE SUPREME COURT

A Real Pro

One day last week, New York's Federal Circuit Judge John Marshall Harlan was asked to pick the winner of the Yale-Princeton game. Princetonian Harlan paused, considered, smiled and said: "I don't want to commit myself." Such is the judicious nature of the man President Eisenhower last week named to the U.S. Supreme Court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Associate Justice Robert Houghwout Jackson (*TIME*, Oct. 18).

Last of the Chewers. Judge Harlan was bred to the law. His great-grandfather was a Kentucky lawyer. Congressman and state attorney general; his grandfather, for whom he was named, was an Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court at 44. Known as the last of the tobacco-chewing



Walter Doran

THE SCORCHING HUGO BLACK
The score: Princeton 21, Yale 14.

judges, the first John Marshall Harlan wrote 703 majority opinions and a whopping 316 dissents in his 33 years, 10 months and 25 days on the bench. Best remembered today was his prophetic 1896 dissent in *Plessy v. Ferguson*. The court's majority found "separate but equal" facilities for colored people constitutional. Justice Harlan alone objected: "our Constitution is color-blind, and neither knows nor tolerates classes among citizens." This year the U.S. Supreme Court finally got around to agreeing with him.

The new Justice was born in Chicago (where his father was an attorney and alderman) and attended private schools. At Princeton ('20), he was president of his class three years running and chairman of the *Daily Princetonian* (a staffer and still a friend; Adlai Stevenson). He won

8 The score: Princeton 21, Yale 14.

a Rhodes Scholarship (Balliol College), returned to attend New York Law School (class of '24), and rose to a full partnership in the distinguished Manhattan law firm of Root, Ballantine, Harlan, Bushby & Palmer. Among his most famous cases: the defense of DuPont family members against antitrust charges in connection with General Motors and U.S. Rubber holdings.

A Republican and a good friend of New York's retiring Governor Thomas E. Dewey (who is expected to join Harlan's old law firm), Harlan is not inclined to let politics interfere with his judgment. In 1951, as chief counsel of Dewey's State Crime Commission, he followed the first corruption-strewn lead to the Republican organization on Staten Island.

Youth & Experience. A man of dignity and good humor, Judge Harlan will bring to the Supreme Court comparative youth (he is 55), a reverence for the law and trial-tested experience: he has been a Manhattan trial lawyer for 30 years.

His judicial experience is brief: President Eisenhower appointed him last March to the Second Circuit Court of Appeals embracing New York, Connecticut and Vermont. But this is more judicial experience than most of the present Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court had before they were appointed.⁶ The legal profession and the judiciary were pleased that President Eisenhower did not pay off a political I.O.U. with the Supreme Court appointment but chose Judge Harlan because, as one lawyer put it, he is "a real pro."

MINNESOTA

The Welder

For years national Democratic leaders dreamed of welding the U.S. farm and labor votes together in a solid, dependable—and unbeatable—unit of the Democratic Party. They were never quite able to make it stick. But this month's elections indicate that the dream may have come true in at least one state. The state Minnesota. The welder: U.S. Senator Hubert Humphrey.

Running as a Democrat-Farmer-Laborite against a worthy Republican opponent Humphrey won re-election by a thumping 118,000 votes. He carried with him the entire Farmer-Labor ticket, including his own protégé Orville Freeman, who will be Minnesota's first non-Republican governor in 16 years.

Even more impressive was Humphrey's success in holding on to his strong labor support and slashing deeply into Republican farm strength. A case in point was normally Republican Freeborn County, a black-soil dairy-farm center near the Iowa border. In Albert Lea (pop. 13,500),

⁶ Only two of the present Supreme Court Justices had experience on the bench before they were appointed. Justice Sherman Minton served eight years on the U.S. Court of Appeals; Justice Hugo Black was a police judge for a year and a half.

which has a meat-packing and a milk-processing plant along with some light industry. Humphrey took 54% of the vote. He lost the more fashionable residential precincts, but carried the industrial wards by about 2 to 1. And he received the votes of some 57% of the county's farmers. The Freeborn County pattern was repeated time and again across Minnesota on Election Day.

Hodgepodge. Humphrey emerged from his big win as the undisputed master of an efficient, solidly constructed organization in a state long known for hodgepodge politics. The Populist movement took root and flourished in Minnesota. So did the Knights of Labor and the Working People's Nonpartisan League (of which North Dakota's Senator Bill Langer is a vestige). The state went to the Bull Moosers in 1912. This political history left Minnesota populated by political independents, with a leaning toward "progressivism." One result: Minnesota's governors, e.g., Harold Stassen, 1939-43, have often been difficult to distinguish from Democrats. Another result is Minnesota's habit of electing babes in the north woods: Stassen was governor at 31; Freeman is 36; Humphrey was mayor of Minneapolis at 33 and a U.S. Senator at 37.

When Hubert Humphrey took over the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party in 1944, he determined to capitalize on progressivism and to capture the independents. Humphrey swept out the old leaders of the party, largely a mangy crew of spoils-men and Reds, and built his own organization. He works at politics 365 days a year. Every letter received by his office is answered within 48 hours. Every winner of a prize at state and county fairs gets a personal letter of congratulations from Humphrey. (A recent recipient: the



DEMOCRATS FREEMAN & HUMPHREY
Votes in town and country.

Minneapolis Morning Tribune

daughter of Humphrey's Republican opponent in this year's campaign.)

When Mrs. Mike Holm, Republican secretary of state, wanted to visit Washington, she wrote both Humphrey and Minnesota's G.O.P. Senator Edward Thye, asking them to arrange hotel reservations. Humphrey replied by return mail: Mrs. Holm's request had been carried out. Weeks later, she had still not heard from Thye.

High Fences. Humphrey came to Washington in 1949 as one of the most bumptious, uncompromising young New Dealers ever to set foot on the Senate floor. He had just helped drive two Southern states from the Democratic National Convention by his absolute insistence on an all-out civil-rights plank. Mere mention of his name was enough to set Southern Democrats to gnashing their teeth.

Now the dean of Senate Southerners, Georgia's Walter F. George speaks fondly of Humphrey as "a very promising young man." What he means is that Humphrey, at 43, has mellowed considerably, is willing to live and let live in order to keep Democrats working together. He has toned down his civil-rights talk. The Humphrey-type liberals have given up—at least temporarily—their all-out drive for complete repeal of Taft-Hartley.

Back in Washington last week, with his fences built high at home, Humphrey was making the noises of a political statesman. "We've got to learn how to live with other people if we're going to win as a party," he said of his fellow liberals. "It's no great service to the party to be stubborn and dogmatic in one's views." Then he adds: "The old New Dealer's sole idea was to 'get it done,' and the devil take the methods. Today, liberals are more concerned with protecting procedural rights and the use of proper constitutional methods."



Pictures Inc.

REPUBLICAN STASSEN (1938)
Babes in the north woods.

OPINION

The 64% Answer

Pollster George Gallup sent his interviewers out across the U.S. to ask: "Do you think the U.S. and the other Western countries can live . . . peacefully with the Russians—or do you think there is bound to be a major war sooner or later?" Last fortnight Gallup reported the results: 64% believe a major war is likely.

The Meaning of Freedom

Albert Einstein, physicist, mathematician, cosmologist, and grandfather of atomic energy, deplores the security system that the U.S. Government has established to cope with the atomic age. Last week, in a letter to the *Reporter* magazine, Professor Einstein wrote: "If I would be a young man again and had to decide how to make my living, I would not try to become a scientist or scholar or teacher. I would rather choose to be a plumber or a peddler in the hope to find that modest degree of independence still available under present circumstances."

Since he came to the U.S. in 1933 as a voluntary exile from Nazi Germany, Albert Einstein has enjoyed independence and freedom of inquiry at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study. He has been free to criticize the U.S. Government, and has criticized it freely. At Princeton he works with a man, J. Robert Oppenheimer, who was recently elected to a new term as head of the institute despite the fact that the U.S. Government reluctantly removed his clearance to classify atomic energy documents. In his statement last week (which was promptly used for Communist propaganda), Scientist Einstein, who may know more about the universe than any other human being, showed that he knows less about the meaning and responsibilities of freedom.

NEWS IN PICTURES

VETERANS DAY: OLD HOLIDAY, NEW ACCENTS

LAST week, in ceremonies across the nation, thousands of new Americans helped the U.S. celebrate its first Veterans Day (formerly Armistice Day). There was the traditional silent observance at 11 o'clock for the nation's war dead; wreaths were laid, veterans paraded, and a massive new military monument was dedicated in Washington. But 1954's Veterans Day had another accent. As though in testimony to the validity of all that veterans had fought to defend, some 48,000 recent immigrants gathered in mass ceremonies in baseball parks, amphitheaters and at historic sites across the land to take the oath of U.S. citizenship. For immigrants yet to come, the day also brought some good news. Announcing the closing of Ellis Island, entry point for 20 million immigrants during the last 62 years, Attorney General Herbert Brownell stated that: 1) future immigrants would be screened before reaching this country; 2) most of those whose admission was questioned would be paroled under supervision, rather than held in detention centers.



WASHINGTON: Marine Corps Memorial, dedicated by Vice President Nixon, was done by Felix de Weldon

from the Iwo Jima photo. Across Potomac from Washington Monument, it rears 75 feet high, weighs 100 tons.



NEW YORK: Taking the oath of allegiance at Polo Grounds, more than 8,000 applicants follow swearing-in

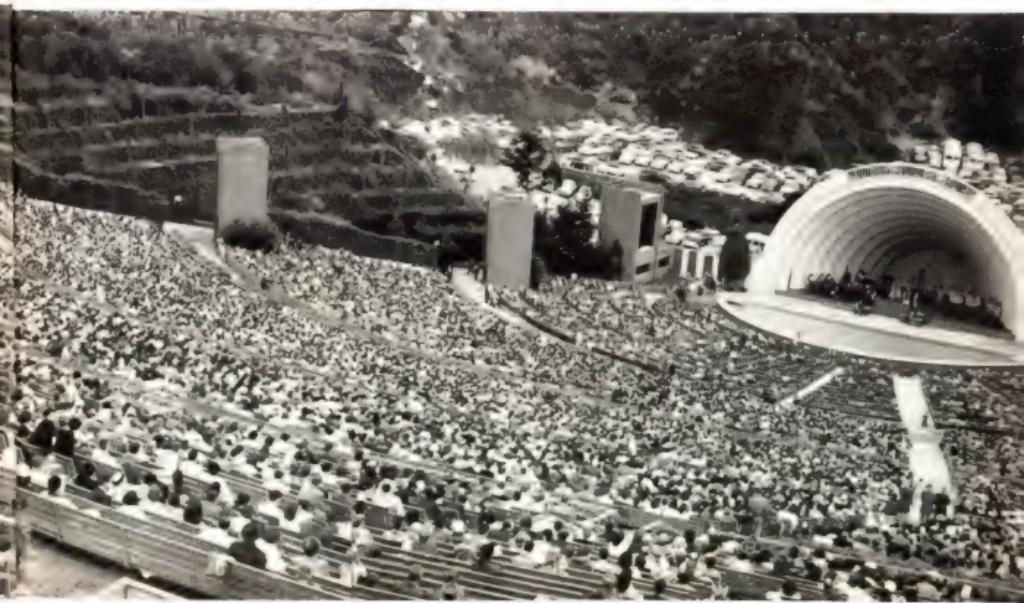
during naturalization proceedings. Earlier in day, 7,000 others received their citizenship at Ebbets Field.



LOS ANGELES: Mass ceremony fills the Hollywood Bowl with friends and relatives who watch federal judge administer oath to 7,568 new citizens from 68 countries.



SEATTLE: Dr. Seiichi Niwa and wife Yoshi, among 80 new citizens inducted on U.S.S. *Missouri* in Bremerton yard, examine plaque marking Japan's surrender.



FOREIGN NEWS

COLD WAR

The Upheld Conference

President Eisenhower's mild tone and Russia's conciliatory attitude in the case of the shot-down B-52 (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) were symptoms of a new and cooler temper in the cold war. There were other readings. Sir Winston Churchill's peroration at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London expressed hope that "we might even find ourselves in a few years moving along a broad, smooth causeway of peace and plenty instead of roaming and peering around on the rim of hell." And the Soviet radio celebrated the 21st anniversary of U.S. diplomatic recognition of Soviet Russia by quoting George Washington: "Nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations . . . should be excluded."

Those who found a cooler temper in Russia might merely be misreading the

conference would not have been proposed if the Paris agreements had not been signed last month. I would welcome such a conference in due time, especially if it would really lead to a collective security system for Europe, because this would mean the reunification of Germany. But such a conference would have to be well prepared. It dare not fail. I therefore do not believe it can be held two weeks from now."

Time to Talk. In other words, Russia could not be allowed to frustrate or delay the West's building strength. Once the Paris pact is safely ratified, the West's Big Four would be ready to listen and to talk. The parley at the summit, so long urged by Churchill, may yet come off. On his recent visit to Washington, Adenauer told Dulles and Eisenhower frankly that since Germany can be unified only by agreement with Russia, as a political necessity he must seek talks once West Ger-

voting regularly against him. The Roman Catholic M.R.P., the party of ex-Premiers Bidault and Schuman, accused him of sabotaging EDC, and resentfully rank themselves solidly against him. But the Socialists (with 105 seats) were wavering towards him.

Mendès hoped to win over the Socialists, who have disdained to join any French government for the past three years, by giving them six Cabinet posts. The Socialists decided to join Mendès only if he agreed beforehand to push three Socialist measures. Unwilling to have his hands tied, Mendès said he would study the conditions until his return. He arrived in Quebec looking his usual assured self. After all, the Socialists, with almost no deal, had agreed to support the Paris accord for the new German army, which should assure its passage.

The kinetic little Premier remains widely liked and admired by the French peo-



WHAT'S GOING ON?

thermometer. But there was an easily chartable reason why the West felt better. At Paris the West had learned that paralysis in fear of Soviet displeasure was not a policy. At Paris the West's statesmen had moved boldly for their own united defense, and then looked up to await Russia's reaction with the calm of men who had done what they had to do.

Two Weeks' Notice. Last week the reaction came. Calling a press conference to insure maximum publicity, the Russians invited 23 nations to a conference on European collective security. They included the U.S., and suggested that Red China come as an observer. They also included East, but not West Germany. They named a date—Nov. 29—candidly admitting that it was picked to forestall ratification of the Paris pact, scheduled for debate by the French Assembly Dec. 13. "Such ratification would complicate to a great degree the entire situation in Europe," warned the Russian note, and "would mean that the unification of Germany . . . would be sacrificed to the present plan of restoring German militarism."

It was a measure of the West's growing self-confidence that the note scarcely furrowed a diplomatic brow. The man most vulnerable fielded it deftly. Said West Germany's Chancellor Adenauer: "This

many has received its sovereignty. Somewhat reluctantly, Dulles and Eisenhower pledged support. Eisenhower suggested that such talks should not follow too closely on ratification of the Paris pact, which should be completed by February. Probable date for a conference if there is one: late spring or early summer, 1955.

FRANCE

Wobbling Bicycle

Premier Pierre Mendès-France, said an unfriendly critic recently, is like a man on a bicycle who has to keep moving to avoid a spill. Last week, though no spill seemed imminent, the Mendès-France bicycle was patently wobbling.

First there was the inconsequential Post and Telegraph Ministry budget, on which Mendès impatiently demanded a vote of confidence. He won—but by the narrowest margin of his meteoric, five-month tenure: 321 to 207. Later in the week, on the eve of his take-off for a ten-day visit to Canada and the U.S., Mendès asked the Assembly to postpone debate on the ugly North African situation until his return. Again he won—but by a still narrower margin: 312 to 272.

The Communists, who had backed him on the Indo-China settlement, were now

ple, and the only man since Charles de Gaulle who has given France a sense of cohesion, direction and escape from stagnation. Even Guy Mollet, the Socialist Party secretary, recognized this last week when he labeled Mendès "the second-best possible Premier"—meaning that if France could not have a Socialist Premier, then Pierre Mendès-France was the next best.

Exit the Supranationalist

On his 66th birthday, Jean Monnet took his morning stroll through the woods near his home in Luxembourg. His mind was made up. Next day, the cheery-cheeked little Frenchman who is president of the six-nation European Coal-Steel Community stood before its governors and announced his resignation. "In order to participate more freely in the realization of European unity, I shall take back my liberty," Monnet said. He was still the practicing optimist, yet not all his brave words could hide the fact that the man who was known in 1952-53 as "Mr. Europe" no longer sat at home in the changed atmosphere of Europe 1954.

Contagious Enthusiasm. In his bustling life, Monnet, the son of a brandy maker in the French town of Cognac, has sold bonds on Wall Street, peddled wine to fur



Robert Cohen—AGF

JEAN MONNET
Taking back liberty.

trappers of Hudson Bay, liquidated a Swedish match company and rebuilt a Chinese railroad, served in wartime Washington as a British diplomat (his passport was specially endorsed by "Winston S. Churchill"). But his finest hour came in 1950, when he persuaded French Foreign Minister Robert Schuman to propose the supranational coal-steel pool. "The pooling of coal and steel is but a beginning," Monnet argued. "The union of the peoples of Europe is the end."

Out of Monnet's contagious enthusiasm grew the great crusade for Europe, which France's Schuman, Germany's Adenauer and Italy's late great De Gasperi led and fought for. Said one of Monnet's admirers: "If he were put under anesthetic, he would still keep repeating, 'We've got to create Europe,' as they wheeled him into the operating room."

New Pragmatism. It was Monnet's conviction that once Germany and France interlocked their coal and steel industries, they could never make war on each other. The rest would follow: first the European army, then the European political community. France's rejection of the EDC proposals spoiled all that. "The Coal-Steel Community," wrote *Le Monde* of Paris last week, "is the foundation stone of a building that no one is any longer in any hurry to put up."

Monnet's vision was of a Europe in which nations would progressively sacrifice chunks of their sovereignty for the common good. Pierre Mendès-France, France's new man of the hour, has substituted a tougher, harder-bargaining diplomacy in which nations make accommodations and pacts with one another, but jealously cling to their sovereign authority. In this he has the powerful support of the British Foreign Office, which instinctively prefers the more pragmatic, national approach. At the London Conference, the new pragmatism paid off

triumphantly in the seven-nation Western European Union.

But many a "good European" mourns a lost ideal. Germany's Konrad Adenauer fearing what he calls "the reviving game of European national states," has felt compelled to go along. But to the Benelux foreign ministers he said privately: "I am 100% convinced that the German national army that Mendès-France forces upon us will become a big danger for Germany and for Europe . . . My God, I don't know what my successors will do if they are left to themselves, if they are not bound to Europe."

Abiding Necessity. The new pragmatic nationalists have the upper hand: they know how to get things done. "European fanatics" is a term they increasingly use to describe men like Jean Monnet. Mendès-France signaled the change at the Brussels Conference when he demanded as one of his conditions for accepting EDC that members of the Coal-Steel High Authority be forbidden to take jobs under EDC. He was plainly gunning for Monnet.

Recognizing that he could not serve Europe effectively without the good will of the French Premier, Monnet resigned. But he was still buoyantly convinced that in the end Europe would unite because it had to. "On the scale of modern technology," he told the coal-steel governors last week, "our countries have become too small, compared with the America and Russia of today, or the China and India of tomorrow. The unity of the European peoples . . . will be the reality of tomorrow."

Milk Is for Cats

The headlines were clear enough, but unbelievable: MENDÈS ATTACKS LIQUOR, PREMIER WANTS TOLIERS TO DRINK WATER. GOVERNMENT TO ENFORCE REGULATIONS AGAINST ALCOHOL CONSUMPTION.

In a nation that ranks as No. 1 in both the manufacture and consumption of alcoholic beverages, that spends 10% of its national income on liquor, supports one bar for every 68 men, women and children, doles out half a liter of wine every day to its soldiers, the whole thing sounded like some wild practical joke. Diminutive, dynamic Premier Pierre Mendès-France had tilted his lance successfully at many a sturdy French windmill, but this—name of a dog, it was like asking a cat to give up milk.

Decrees for Drunks. The fact was, however, that milk-drinking Mendès, who has little use for wine, was not kidding. Many of the liquor reforms he advocated last week went into immediate effect as government decrees. In one swoop, he ordered all bars to stop selling hard liquor between the hours of 5 and 10 a.m., when most French laborers take their morning eye-opener. One day each week the bars must shut down completely. No new bars are to be opened near schools or barracks. The home-brewing of head-splitting Calvados (applejack) in Normandy was to be sharply curtailed. Alcoholic contents

of wine-based *apéritifs* were cut, and liquor advertising was to be strictly limited in the future. Besides all this, Mendès planned to ask Parliament for legislation raising liquor taxes and imposing stiff penalties (up to a year in prison) for public drunkenness.

When Mendès himself appeared at the recent Radical-Socialist Party congress, drinking a glass of milk and urging all of the delegates "to do the same thing," he was greeted with roars of laughter. By last week the laughter was abating. Liquor interests, thirsty workmen, café owners, bartenders, home-brewers and, indeed, most of France's hard-drinking population, were mobilizing to combat the threat to their national pastime. They form a large bloc: one Frenchman in seven is involved in the making of wine; alcohol is France's largest industry, grossing some 675 billion francs a year. But the Premier could point to statistics, too: alcoholism is costing his nation almost that much in cold cash alone: some 40% of French accidents are attributable to alcohol; alcoholism accounts indirectly for 40% of the national death rate; and the cure and care of alcoholics alone costs the French government some 150 billion francs every year.

The Slow Kill. Thanks to government reforms over the past few years, the nation that produced Louis Pasteur has got around to pasteurizing the milk in most French cities, and tap water is reasonably pure if a little flat. Frenchmen, if they will, could find plenty of other beverages to drink. Most of them, however, will probably continue to incline to the opinion that milk is for cats, water for crops. In many French bars a sign—thoughtfully provided by a national prohibition society—warns: "Alcohol kills slowly." The local bartender generally appends his own answer: "We don't care. We're in no hurry."



Thomas D. McAvoy—LIFE
FRENCH TIPPLER
About to lose freedom.

INDO-CHINA

Land of Compulsory Joy

[See Cover]

Men with long megaphones crowded the streets of Hanoi, their exhortations echoing behind shuttered windows. "Dear compatriots," they droned, "your joy is indescribable!"

In Hanoi, the Viet Minh's red and yellow-starred flags hung from stores and warehouses, from shacks and villas, from cycle-taxis that darted along uncrowded boulevards. Portraits of Malenkov, Mao and Ho stared out from the stalls of the peddlers. At main intersections there were bamboo arches of triumph, decked with papier-mâché peace doves and slogans that proclaimed "INDEPENDENCE" or "PEACE" or "PRESIDENT HO FOR TEN THOUSAND YEARS." No exception, no dissent was permitted in Hanoi's show of joy; nobody forgot to display his enthusiasm, or was too lazy to bother.

In Hanoi, capital of the new Red land of North Viet Nam, there were no more beggars, no shoeshine boys. President Ho Chi Minh recently inaugurated a "movement for good morals," so there were no more prostitutes, no nightclubs. Each day at 3 p.m. the people chanted patriotic folk songs and conducted group discussions. Each evening they danced in the streets beneath the gaze of impulsive Viet Minh soldiers; the dance started at 8, never earlier, ended at 10, never later. Twice weekly at Hanoi's National Theater, before an audience of men in shapeless tunics and women officials in pigtailed, the Viet Minh army "Culture Corps" recited a tone poem, to the wailing of ready instruments. "Wipe away your tears," they intoned. "The enemy is gone. In the North, in the South we are the same family and nothing can divide us."

Wisdom & Discipline. In Hanoi, for 70 years a French colonial city, the people were glad to see the French go. Some of the people were also glad to see the Viet Minh come, and the rest were at least resigned to it. But underneath there was uncertainty and fear, a sudden throb of violence. There would be no more "squeeze" (graft for politicians)—but a shopkeeper was told one morning that he must pay 100% tax upon his inventory. There would be no more banditry—a robber was executed at the scene of his crime, and left to lie there in warning.

In Hanoi there was a sense of waiting for orders. Endlessly the men with the megaphones propagated the Eight Political Wisdoms of President Ho ("The clergy must fulfill their duties as citizens"), the Five Disciplines of President Ho ("Newspapers must support the peace policy"), and the Ten Disciplines of the Viet Minh army ("Troops are forbidden to be dissolute"). One day the men with the megaphones instructed the Hanoians to set their clocks back one hour, to conform to Peking time.

"They Watch What You Do." This is the oblivion that is settling down upon the 12 million people of Northern Viet Nam, whose fate reflects the tragedy and helplessness of Asia. Born and raised under a French colonial rule that has much to answer for, subjected to 15 almost consecutive years of war, they are now condemned to the compulsory joy of the Communist empire.

"The Viet Minh are correct," says one of these millions, a sometime Viet Minh official who deserted to the West. "They don't violate women. They take nothing. If they borrow a cup of water today, they return it tomorrow. But they watch you. They watch you all the time. They watch what you do. They know what you

eat, how much you spend every day on meat and vegetables, whether you have a servant, or want one.

"Little by little, in careful ways, they correct you so that you may lead a more worthy proletarian life. You learn to dress shabbily in drab colors, like the others, and to put your children to work. If you do not, your taxes are raised. You learn to be enthusiastic. If you are not, they will whisper from mouth to mouth in your village that you want to be rich, that you are a reactionary. They will threaten you with public discussion. They will isolate you: you will find that your neighbors will not dare speak to you. If this does not teach you joy, they will assign you work that will kill you. And it is never the Communists who do any of these things, it is the people; it is always in the name of the people."

Antagonism & Deception. Since the Geneva settlement a bare four months ago, the Viet Minh Communists have: ¶ Imposed an unshakable authority over North Viet Nam, whose people were supposed to decide their future for themselves in free elections.

¶ Doubled their army—in specific violation of Geneva—so that it now exceeds that of Pakistan (pop. 76 million) and is considered by Moscow to be more efficient than that of any Red satellite.

¶ Infiltrated South Viet Nam (pop. 105 million) so deeply that effective Viet Minh control now extends through 85% of the country almost to the gates of the capital, Saigon—where the Nationalist administration of Bao Dai is disintegrating. The Viet Minh are also deeply embedded in Laos (pop. 1.1 million), a state theoretically protected by the Manila Defense Pact. The Viet Minh have assassinated 87 Nationalist leaders in South Viet Nam and the Defense Minister of Laos.

How did all this come to pass? Indo-China was a place where the grand antagonisms of the 20th century met, joined and clashed: colonialism, nationalism, Communism interacted violently upon one another. Sometimes such cataclysms throw up one forceful man, or he seizes a ready opportunity. But Indo-China was a place where one man was already waiting, a man who had spent 30 cunning, tortuous years preparing the event, weaving, dodging, converting reverses into successes and eventually triumphing. That man was a strange, blazing-eyed consummate who called himself Ho Chi Minh.

Autumn Flutes & Saliva. "Have you met Ho Chi Minh?" an anti-Communist Vietnamese was asked. "Oh yes," the Vietnamese replied, quickening involuntarily. "He is the living example of a revolutionary. He has a blameless private life. He dresses simply. He is intelligent. He speaks French, Russian, English, Chinese and Vietnamese. He is very clever: when he speaks to the people he is direct so that an eight-year-old child can understand. He has infinite patience. He has sacrificed his own life completely for the revolution." Jawaharlal Nehru adds: "Extraordinarily likable and friendly . . . a man of integrity desiring peace." And an



PRESIDENT HO CHI MINH IN WARTIME HIDEOUT
For 30 cunning, tortuous years, ready and waiting.



Bruce Crandall—Life

INDO-CHINESE WOMEN GREET THE VIET MINH IN HANOI
Eight political wisdoms, five disciplines, and clocks on Peking time.

American, who worked with Ho against the Japanese in World War II, wraps up the encomium: "Ho was a very nice guy."

Ho Chi Minh is a wispy man (100 lbs.), mild and slow-spoken, and disarmingly forthright. He is a man who sits on the edges of chairs, his hands folded meekly in his lap. "You must give the people an example of poverty, misery and denial," he sometimes adjures his disciples, and off he plods, ostentatiously, through the villages, with a knapsack on his back. Ho Chi Minh works from 16 to 18 hours a day, usually with a jacket slung across his shoulders as if he were perpetually cold.

Ho Chi Minh is a poet:

*Suddenly I hear the autumn flute
sounding
coldly like a signal on the screened hill-*

He considers himself a man of the world: "Moscow is heroic," he will remark, jocosely, "but Paris is the joy of living." Ho Chi Minh is a kindly man, it seems, who calls his associates "Little Brother," while they call him "Uncle Ho." Yet Uncle Ho, it also seems, keeps his favorite Swallow's Nest—a rare and expensive delicacy made from the saliva of sea swallows—in his room so that he will not have to share it; he keeps Philip Morris in one pocket for himself and passes poor local cigarettes from another.

Then there is the question of murder. In 1945 Uncle Ho's Communists killed off 5,000 Vietnamese Nationalists. The wives and children of the purged ones thronged before him pleading mercy, but Uncle Ho ordered troops to disperse them. In 1946 Ho's Communists turned on the Trotskyites. One Trotskyite leader, an old friend, sent Ho a telegram asking clemency; Uncle Ho privately replied that he did not know the Trotskyite—who was promptly shot. Uncle Ho publicly maintained his reputation as a kindly man by weeping at the loss of his friend and by having the firing-squad commander replaced.

Stewpans & Silverware. Ho Chi Minh, dedicated Communist, is a matchless interplay of ruthlessness and guile. Before he was nine, in the central Viet Nam province of Nghean, Ho was carrying messages for his father's anti-French underground.⁹ In 1911 he shipped out of Indo-China as a cabin boy on a French vessel, so that he could learn the foreign techniques of revolution and "come back to help my countrymen." He was not yet a Marxist, but already showed signs of an asetic, single-mindedness.

In his three years at sea, Ho Chi Minh read avidly—Tolstoy, Zola, Shakespeare, Marx—and from all accounts had pretty rough sailing. He was seasick. He was almost swept overboard. He was too frail to lift the heavy copper stewpans, and got only ten francs for his first 8,000-mile voyage to France. At Marseille he was offended when prostitutes came on board. "Why don't the French civilize their own people?" he asked, "before they pretend to civilize us?"

In 1914 Ho Chi Minh turned up in London, joined a secret society called "The Overseas Workers." Despite his poor health, he shoveled snow, stoked coal, and got a menial job cleaning silverware at London's Carlton Hotel restaurant. The great Escoffier was then master chef of the Carlton, and to hear the Communist legend-makers tell it, Escoffier took a fancy to the young Asian and called him over for a chat. "Put aside your revolutionary ideas," offered Escoffier to Ho, "and I will teach you the art of cooking." Loftily, Ho Chi Minh declined.

* Ho's real name and age are not widely known. He was born Nguyen Tat Thanh, or Nguyen Sinh Huy, or Nguyen Van Thanh, in 1890, 1892 or 1894, son to a poor but well-read local official who lost his job for opposing the French. He was known for about 20 years as Nguyen Ai Quoc, meaning "Nguyen the Patriot." The name Ho Chi Minh, meaning "He who Enlightens," is the latest of about a dozen aliases; it was adopted during World War II.

"Better & Better." Later, in Paris, young Ho Chi Minh worked as a photographer's assistant in a dead-end street behind Montmartre, and peddled enlargements ("Living Souvenirs of Your Friends and Relatives"). Each morning he would cook rice in his bare hotel room and at noon would chew half a sausage, or a fish; each evening, a picturesque and mannerly Asian intellectual, he had access to the clubs. With scholars, artists and future Cabinet ministers. He would contemplate and debate astronomy and hypnotism; he argued against Couéism ("Every day in every way I'm getting better and better"), with Coué; but somehow, most nights the debate would zigzag back to Ho's one gnawing pang: Indo-China. "I am a revolutionary," Ho would explain.

He agitated among the 100,000 Vietnamese in Paris, and tried to drum up support for Indo-China reforms at the Versailles Peace Conference (Woodrow Wilson, apparently unwilling to offend the French, did not take up the matter).

Steadily and inexorably Ho was moving left. He preferred Communists to Socialists because "they seriously considered the colonial problem." He was intrigued when Communists sought his advice. In the summer of 1922 Ho gladly attended a Congress of the French Communist Party which expounded its thesis for "solid front" revolution across the world. Modestly, Ho advocated an alternative plan a subtler plan, that might go down well in Indo-China. He believed in 1) a revolution against French colonialism in the name of nationalism and a "democratic regime," to be followed by 2) a second revolution against nationalism, to achieve the total Socialist state.

Soon thereafter, it was noticed in Paris that Ho Chi Minh had disappeared.

Lost: an Open Mind. In secret, aboard an ice-covered Soviet vessel, Ho Chi Minh put into Leningrad. "So here you are!" a Communist contact greeted him, and for two years the Russians paid him

flattery. In Leningrad they lent Ho a fur coat, treated him to roast meats and two-finger-long cigarettes. In Moscow they invited Ho, about 30 years old, to sit with the President of the Third International. In return, Ho helped the Russians organize their "University for Toilers of the East," and accepted training—like China's Chou En-lai—as a "professional revolutionist." There was no doubt about Ho's enthusiasm. "There comes a time when you end your period of study and become a man of action," an American who knew Ho much later explained it. "Ho was like that. He had widely read French, German, Russian philosophy, and he decided for himself what his own philosophy was to be. Ho's choice was Communism, and he never again had an open mind."

After graduation from Moscow in 1925, Ho embarked upon a slithering, 15-year journey through the Communist underground of the world. He would appear shaven-headed in Thailand, disguised as a Buddhist monk; he would show up in the Latin Quarter of Paris, explaining to waiters how to prepare his food. In Canton, Ho worked for Borodin, the Russian intriguer who helped undermine China. In Singapore, Ho organized Southeast Asia's Comintern. And when Indo-China's Nationalist Party rebelled against the French in 1930, Ho Chi Minh played it coldly, although he was constantly posing as a Nationalist. Ho and his Reds stood aside and let the Nationalists die. "My itinerary is carefully prescribed," Ho Chi Minh once confessed. "You cannot deviate from the route, can you?"

Men in Black. The patient Ho Chi Minh got his chance in World War II. Three months after the Germans swept into Paris, the Japanese, almost unopposed, took effective control of Indo-China. In what amounted in Asian eyes to a crowning loss of face, the Vichy-French agreed to cooperate with the Japanese. With flexibility and imagination, Ho patched together a "United Front" of Communists and Nationalists to harass both Frenchmen and Japanese. Ho called the new party the Viet Minh.

During the war years, the Viet Minh organized a guerrilla force of 10,000 men who did so well in the jungles that they became known as "Men in Black." And Ho Chi Minh, at almost no cost, gained a position from which he could: 1) guide and control the Nationalists; 2) win prestige in the country as the only effective anti-Japanese underground; 3) earn the good will of Nationalist China and the U.S. merely because he was helping to fight the Japanese. "I was a Communist," Ho Chi Minh would later remark, "but I am no longer one. I am a member of the Vietnamese family, nothing else."

Chief of State. In the fall of 1945, after Hiroshima and the Japanese collapse, Ho Chi Minh took the decision of his life. Despite the repeated cautions of Moscow, 4,000 miles away (the Red Chinese were still isolated in their caves), Ho struck for power. "General offensive on all fronts," Viet Minh Military Order



No. 1 proclaimed, and Ho's men in black, emerging in cohesion from jungle lairs, received the surrender of many Japanese and their arms. A French commissioner, parachuting down to reclaim the colony, found himself stripped semi-nude, and under arrest. But Ho's victory was not pass unchallenged.

Under the Big Three agreement at Potsdam, the Nationalist Chinese came in to occupy Hanoi and the North, the British (which meant the French, who arrived in British ships) came to liberate Saigon and the South. Ho defied them. "We hold these truths to be self-evident," Ho proclaimed, declaring his Viet Nam independent. The great deception began.

Ho Chi Minh sent a golden opium set to the Chinese Nationalist commander and persuaded him that the Viet Minh was the right outfit to keep check on the French. "I love France and French soldiers. You are welcome. You are all heroes." Ho Chi Minh later declared, and the French decided that Ho was a useful man to watch the Chinese. "Americans are the liberators of the free world," Ho cried out, bidding for U.S. moral support, and OSS officers mingled convivially with the Viet Minh as Ho turned to more serious problems. Serious Problem No. 1 was the Nationalist element of the

Viet Minh, which was getting uneasy. One by one Nationalist leaders were assassinated; Ho professed to be saddened by such unruly behavior.

Serious Problem No. 2 was the French: there was a new determination in them, a special kind of pride born of French anxiety to wipe out the humiliations of the war and to re-emerge as a great power. As such, the French were quite definite about Indo-China: they wanted it back. With a ruthlessness and skill that matched Ho's own, the French army speedily got control of the South and could not be kept out much longer from Hanoi. So Ho negotiated: when the French army came back into the North, as the Chinese withdrew, Ho consented to lead his "Democratic Republic of Viet Nam" back within the French Union. The French recognized Ho as Chief of State.

The Onset of War. With guards of honor and flags, Ho Chi Minh returned to Paris to settle the details. There is evidence that Ho genuinely wanted agreement at this stage: Moscow was making its postwar play for French friendship, and Ho, with little more than guerrillas behind him, was a long way out on a limb. But the French became more and more stubborn, and Ho saw his conquest fading. He made the mistake of relying for support upon French Communists, which further stiffened the French negotiators. Meanwhile, in Indo-China, French-Viet Minh relations were disintegrating: lives were taken on both sides.

Toward the end of 1946, events moved decisively toward war. The talks in France broke down and Ho returned to Indo-China. There was a sharp, unexpected encounter at Haiphong, where French naval units, claiming that they had been attacked, bombarded the city. Ho prepared with guile for the onset of war. On Dec. 15, he congratulated the new French Premier Léon Blum (an old Socialist friend), and Ho's Interior Minister expressed a "sincere desire for fraternal cooperation." On Dec. 19, Ho ordered the Viet Minh army to attack the unsuspecting French army and civilian population in Hanoi. "For every ten men that you kill," Ho, man of war, warned the French, "we will kill one of yours. It is you who will have to give up in the end."

For seven years the fighting was a standoff: the French held the cities, but could not sweep the jungles; the Viet Minh presided over the jungles, but could not storm the towns. The political war was also a standoff: the French brought back Bao Dai, an ex-puppet of the Japanese, to re-inspire Vietnamese nationalism on their behalf—but they got nowhere; the Viet Minh lost friends by their brutal emphasis upon forced labor, and by further purges of their nationalist element. But for the Indo-Chinese people, the war was an unrelenting horror: at war's end a staggering 2,000,000 Indo-Chinese civilians were homeless. Ho's patient preparation was finally rewarded last spring, when the Communists struck characteristically on two fronts 5,000 miles apart: with Red China field guns

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FLAVOUR THAT MADE SCOTCH FAMOUS

and Russian rocket launchers, they crumpled the valiant French garrison at Dienbienphu; with Chou En-lai and Molotov, they crumpled Western resolution at Geneva. One day last month, in one of the most extraordinary spectacles of Asia's long, unfolding panorama, French tanks withdrew from Hanoi before Viet Minh infantrymen wearing sneakers.

"We Are Winning!" With victory, Ho Chi Minh's prestige reached a new high in Asia. Nationalists of many lands, for all their objection to Communism, could not help taking pride in the exploits of an Asian army against their old masters from Europe. Indo-China's wait-and-seers no longer needed to wait and see. "We are winning! Why stay with the losers?" cried Viet Minh women, urging Vietnamese soldiers to desert. "Do you want your sons to curse your names?"

Besides the heady stimulant of victory, the Viet Minh could also claim:

¶ The most effective jungle army in Southeast Asia, indoctrinated so deeply that there is a Red cell in every platoon, and commissars discuss politics with the wounded in the hospitals.

¶ The best general in Southeast Asia, Vo Nguyen Giap, 42, top law student of his time at Hanoi University, graduate of Chinese military schools. A Communist since the late '30s, he is sometimes temperamental and needs to be watched by party theologians, but his hatred for the French is unwavering; his first wife went to jail for calling the Tricolor a "flag of dogs," and died of typhoid there.

¶ A solid political organization. Ho Chi Minh has destroyed the Viet Minh's Nationalist elements, and he is unquestioned master of the Viet Minh Politburo.

¶ Membership in the Communist empire and expert guidance. Red China officers swarm, and Red China goods are turning up in Hanoi. Seven of eleven top Viet Minh leaders were trained in Moscow. Ho Chi Minh, according to the best evidence, reports direct to Moscow, not through Peking.

And the Viet Minh, unlike its Western adversaries, has no imprecision of purpose. "The party recognizes that the Viet Nam revolution is an integral part of the world revolution led by the Soviet Union," the Viet Minh proclaims.

Privilege & Presence. South Viet Nam, by contrast, which remains within the French Union, is demoralized and divided. Bao Dai, the porcine Chief of State, lives in France with his mistresses, his Ferrari and his Jaguar XK 120. Bao Dai's Premier in Saigon is Ngo Dinh Diem, 53, a high-minded patriot but an ineffective leader, who is more or less locked up inside his palace by Vietnamese generals who want to grab power for themselves. In many of the villages that the Viet Minh infiltrators do not control, local sects and gangsters rule with private armies.

The French colonials make their own contribution to chaos. Some, hoping to

maintain privileges in the rubber-rich South, are encouraging the Vietnamese generals to intrigue against Diem; other Frenchmen want to replace Diem with Buu Hoi, 39, a left-wing leprosy expert who has not lived in Indo-China for 20 years. In the Communist North, a 20-man French mission hopes to keep "the French presence" in the Viet Minh state, and do business there: there is even talk of French help to rebuild the vital strategic railroad from Hanoi to Langson on the Red China frontier.

In Saigon, some of the French are nonchalant. "Of course the whole country is gone," said a French journalist. Others are bitter. "These people have no appreciation, no understanding of all we have done



Bao Dai
Motorcars, mistresses—and missing.

for them," said a Frenchwoman on a terrace, sipping lemonade. Commissioner General Paul Ely is faithfully working with the U.S. to strengthen South Viet Nam, but others are not. "They treat Indo-China," complained an American, "like a Frenchman treats a mistress in whom he's losing interest. He doesn't want her for himself, but he gets sore if anyone else shows interest."

"Cork in the Bottle." The U.S. was certainly late in getting interested. In the closing days of World War II, President Roosevelt denounced the "shocking record" of French colonialism, and the U.S. later stipulated that its aid to France must not be used in the colonial war in Indo-China. It took Americans some time to realize that the French, for all their colonial faults, were fighting an enemy that for all its anti-colonial pretensions, was

actually and determinedly Communist. By then the hour was late. "We have here a sort of cork in the bottle" said President Eisenhower, of Indo-China. Said Vice President Nixon, amid the sullen thunder of Dienbienphu: "If, to avoid further Communist expansion in Asia, we must take the risk of putting our boys in, I think the executive branch has . . . to do it." But though the U.S. was spending about \$800 million a year in Indo-China by war's end, it kept out of the shooting.

Now the U.S. was once more getting involved. President Eisenhower last week sent General J. Lawton Collins, one-time Army Chief of Staff, to South Viet Nam to see what could be done. "Lightning Joe" Collins found himself in a devil's brew of cynicism, intrigue and despair. His own role was difficult. He would not be able to give orders: he would only be able to recommend, pressure and persuade. U.S. officials on the scene would like the French to recall their mission from Hanoi and quit dealing with Ho Chi Minh, to call the Vietnamese generals off Diem, and to get rid, once and for all, of Bao Dai. Only then could Diem tackle South Viet Nam's basic problems: speed land reform, strengthen the army and restore confidence.

The U.S. itself is plagued with doubts: the Pentagon does not want to get bogged down upon the Asian mainland; the State Department is unwilling to commit U.S. prestige too deeply in South Viet Nam if the cause is already lost. Under the terms of the Geneva truce, all-Viet Nam elections are scheduled to be held in 1956, with the winner to take the entire country. As of today, that winner would be Ho Chi Minh. The Communist North, organized by tyranny, would easily outvote a South disrupted by chaos.

People on a Sandbar. In Hanoi last week, honoring the 37th anniversary of Russia's October Revolution, Ho Chi Minh proclaimed: "Today we have here in the East more than half the people in the world, together with the Soviet Union in the struggle . . . This is an extremely mighty force, which becomes mightier and mightier." Yet from North Viet Nam, since Geneva, about 450,000 Vietnamese have escaped through chinks in the new Viet Minh monolith, leaving the antiseptic tyranny of Uncle Ho for the South's chaotic freedom. The articulate among these huddles of refugees complain that the Viet Minh has destroyed the customs and friendlinesses of the past, and has spat upon family ties and religion.

In crude rafts, sampans and Western warships, with all that was left of their previous lives wrapped in cotton bundles the refugees headed south—aware that their very act of leaving might be their death warrant if Uncle Ho ever caught up with them. Last week several thousand refugees, fleeing from the Communist interior, got trapped on a sandbar off the coast of North Viet Nam. Before them lay the sea. Behind them lay the Communist land of compulsory joy. In frail craft, the braver, stronger ones made it out to the three-mile limit, where a French aircraft

* In the South, the Viet Minh is so far behaving with outward correctness: the Viet Minh has even made a show of evacuating several hundred regular troops to the North

carrier waited to pick them up and take them south to freedom. But the others, it seemed, were doomed. If any ship came inside the three-mile limit to pick up the refugees, the Viet Minh coldly made it known, then that ship would be fired on.

In the Asia of victorious Ho Chi Minh and his big brother Mao, there are millions marooned upon desolate sandbars: the act of rescue, if these Asians this late are considered worth saving, will take power, humanity and a steely nerve.

GREAT BRITAIN

Blindman's Buff

As Britain's Commissioner General for all of British Southeast Asia, breezy, affable Malcolm MacDonald, son of the late Laborite Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, is a most un-pukka sahib. He never dresses for dinner in the jungle, and is not afraid to be seen in slacks, sport shirts, or swimming trunks—or even in the company of Asians.

Many an Asian finds this relaxed façade of imperial might reassuring, but many a clubman in London finds it an affront to the dignity of empire. Last week the Churchill government announced MacDonald's reappointment as Britain's Southeast Asian proconsul for another year. At about the same time, a copy of the *Singapore Straits Times Annual* turned up in London, containing an illustrated article by MacDonald on "My Friends the Dyaks." One photograph showed Britain's high commissioner playing blindman's buff with some native friends in Borneo. Another showed him walking along a pebbly beach hand in hand with two dusky young ladies clad in skirts and nothing else.

Hinferiors. Pictures and article alike, scornfully complained Columnist "Peterborough," in the Tory *Daily Telegraph*, show Mr. MacDonald's middle-class ability to be "hassible alike to hequals and hinferiors." Editorialy, the *Telegraph* asked its friend Churchill: "What is behind this? Is it that Mr. MacDonald cannot be spared in Southeast Asia, or that he can be spared elsewhere? His functions are so vague and diffuse that it is hard to say whether he performs them well or ill, if indeed, since he has no power, he performs them at all. The wheels he oils seem to revolve aimlessly in space [while he] plays blindman's buff with Dyaks and rushes rapidly to and fro . . . If there is anything more corrupting than absolute power it is absolute impotence. Is it really kind to Mr. MacDonald to give him yet another year of it?"

Blimps. Happy at the chance to do battle with the *Telegraph* and incidentally run a blowup of the bare-breasted photograph, the tabloid *Daily Mirror* raced to MacDonald's defense. The two girls, the *Mirror* pointed out, were relatives of a tribal chieftain, and dressed in ceremonial costume to greet the visiting Briton. "Does that dignified but stuffy newspaper," asked the *Mirror*, "seriously suggest that the ladies of Borneo are not entitled to be citizens of the Commonwealth unless they



HOWARD SOCHERIK—LIFE
MALCOLM MACDONALD
Brassières for Blimps.

attire themselves in the styles now favored by the ladies of Cheltenham and Bath? Does the *Telegraph* suggest that there should be an official issue of brassières, picture hats and long gloves before a representative of Her Majesty is allowed to land? Tut, tut."

In Singapore, under the heading, **BLIMPS AND PRUDES**, the *Straits Times* had the last word: "What Asians think of Mr. MacDonald conceivably is more important than the shock to the blimps. The blindman's buff which Mr. MacDonald plays with the Dyaks on longhouse verandas he plays in fun. The blindman's buff which the blimps play with Asia, they play in horrible earnest."

Defeat and Defiance

Early this year, Aneurin Bevan, the Labor Party's aging Young Turk, decided that the time had come to stake his ambitions on what seemed to be two surefire issues. He challenged the Labor Party's leadership by opposing 1) West German rearmament, 2) a Southeast Asia pact. To dramatize his rebellion, he resigned from Labor's "Shadow Cabinet," gave up his front seat on the Opposition benches and retreated bulkily to the "Mountain," the backbench back bench in the House of Commons, to await the showdown.

Last week the showdown came, but not the way Nye had foreseen. What had looked like promising issues ("No Guns for the Hun") in the spring, turned out to be lost causes in November. In a quiet, closed-door session, the Labor M.P.s agreed overwhelmingly to back the Manila Pact, and afterward Nye did not even bother to appear in the House of Com-

mons when it won easy approval. A few days later the second blow fell: in another private session the Labor M.P.s voted 124 to 72 to support German rearmament. When the Bevanites began their insurrection, they had come within nine votes of defeating Clem Attlee on this issue; now Attlee carried the day by 52 votes.

As if these blows weren't enough, the Labor Party's National Executive peremptorily challenged the Bevanite weekly *Tribune* for an "unwarranted, irresponsible and scurrilous attack" on right-wing Laborite Arthur Deakin, big boss of the 1,300,000-man Transport & General Workers Union. This, said the Executive, was a specific violation of a party injunction that forbids Laborite leaders to attack one another in public. The *Tribune*'s misbehavior could, if the Labor Executive felt like pressing the issue, lead to the expulsion from the party of the *Tribune*'s three Labor M.P. editors (among them, Nye's wife Jennie Lee).

At this point, like a wounded lion unable to kill, but still able to roar menacingly, the Bevanites answered back with a touch of the old defiance: "Trade union leaders are not a special breed of humanity, always to be shielded from the rough breezes of democracy. They . . . must run the risks of public life if they aspire to hold the prizes and the power. We shall continue to print the truth as we see it."

LEBANON

Death in the Schoolyard

Lebanon is a tiny, prosperous Middle East state finely balanced on the head of a religious pin. Roughly half Christian and half Moslem, it does not know which sect predominates and is anxious not to find out. It refuses to take a census and traditionally divides the top government posts so that the President is a Christian and the Premier a Moslem.

Despite, or because of, this cautious arrangement, the two religious groups are vigilant rivals. At dawn on Sundays, the bells of Beirut's churches clang so loudly that good Moslems groan and cover their heads. At dawn on other mornings, the muezzins chant their calls to prayer over loudspeaker-equipped minarets, to the annoyance of sleepy Christians. Last week *Mulid el Nebi*, the birthday of the Prophet Mohammed, rolled around. Moslems festooned Beirut in palm branches and garlands of electric lights. The climax was to be a torchlight parade.

At sunset everything was ready. Some 200 Moslem Boy Scouts gathered in a schoolyard, ready to be issued their torches: tin cans stuffed with oil-soaked sawdust and mounted on poles. In their midst appeared a burly, bearded nationalist name Taha al Waly, a follower of the fanatic ex-Mufti of Jerusalem. He proposed that the parades detour under the windows of President Camille Chamoun, a Christian.

An argument ensued, and some of Waly's followers grabbed the lighted torches. One of them stumbled. A tree



Norman Rockwell

At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning that might well include a talk with your Massachusetts Mutual man.

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flared up with a whoosh. In panic, others threw their torches away. In a moment the yard became an oil-soaked pyre. The impregnated sawdust blazed like napalm, clinging to raw flesh, burning and spreading. The crowd, roaring with fear and pain, ran from side to side in the narrow schoolyard. But there was no escape: three of the walls were 10 feet high; the only exit was a narrow gate. It was over in 20 minutes: 33 died, hundreds more were badly burned.

Two days later, Lebanon's horrified Christian President and Moslem Premier met, agreed unanimously to ask the Parliament to ban all further outdoor religious ceremonies. And from now on, they agreed, between the hours of 7 p.m. and 7 a.m., no churchbells would be allowed to toll, or loudspeakers to crackle from minarets.

RUSSIA

Behind the Smile

The picture of the new Russia that is laid before travelers, and sometimes believed by them, is of a land where burdens have eased and coercions lessened, where silk dresses and TV sets for the masses are either in the stores or just around the corner. But last week Russia's new rulers publicly let the smiling mask slip. Items: ¶ Russia faces a severe shortage of grain. Drought and storms had heavily cut harvests in the Ukraine and the Volga region. The Kremlin's long-range remedy—Party Secretary Khrushchev's grandiose scheme for plowing up virgin land in Siberia and Kazakhstan—had not proved as painless as had been promised. Though an area greater than the total cultivated land of Great Britain had been plowed up, it had been done only by snatching technicians and tractors from West Russian farms, and when those ran out, by drafting men and women from their villages and factories. Then the Kremlin found another source of "volunteers"—young army conscripts who "requested," in whole formations, to be sent to the new areas instead of returning to their homes.

¶ Despite concessions to the workers, labor productivity is "insufficient," said the Soviet's Master Planner, Maxim Saburov, at the 37th anniversary of the October Revolution. "Many works and factories are not working rhythmically." Absenteeism runs as high as 25%. The remedy: "The further tightening up of labor discipline."

¶ Soviet writers had been encouraged to speak up, differ and even criticize in the brief post-Stalin honeymoon. Saburov briskly called them back to heel: "Our Soviet literature is called upon to carry into the masses the ideas of Communism, to show what is advanced and progressive, and to castigate what is backward."

¶ The new regime had allowed many churches to reopen, visitors reported, but the press had launched many attacks on various religions. Last week Party Secretary Khrushchev brought order into this paradox by decreeing that "in the future,



Sovfoto

MASTER PLANNER SABUROV
No rhythm in the works.

party organizations shall in no manner permit any insults to the feelings of believers and clergy or any official interference in the activity of the church." Khrushchev had his own Marxist reason, "Insulting attacks . . . can only lead to strengthening and even intensification of religious prejudices among the people . . . Patient, well-organized, scientific atheistic propaganda among the believers will help them finally free themselves."

Under the new "collective leadership," as under Stalin, the Russian workers still had nothing to lose but their chains.

INDIA

Nehru's Choice

Back in New Delhi from his visit to Red China, India's unpredictable Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, much improved in health and spirits, and three pounds heavier, summoned 19 members of the Congress Party working committee to his broad-lawned, two-story home. For two hours he lectured them on his impressions in the land of Communist Mao. General theme: "Anything they can do, we can do better," and "Democracy is better than dictatorship."

Then Jawaharlal Nehru ended the suspense over his own future, which was what these practical politicians most wanted to hear. He would remain as Prime Minister for the time being, Nehru said, but he would not run in the January elections for the Congress Party presidency. His choice for his successor was a surprise: an austere, little-known lawyer named Uchhagrai Navalshanker Dhebar, who happened to be in the room "by special invitation," though not a member of the working committee. He was a far cry from the politicians around him.

Dhebar is a Gandhi disciple, from Gandhi's own countryside, who subsists pious-

ly on maize bread and buttermilk. A thin man of 40, with a small mustache and glinting spectacles, he is chief minister of Saurashtra state (21,000 square miles, 4,000,000 population), which was put together in 1948 from lands formerly ruled by princes and maharajas. After a day's stint in his bare lawyer's office, Dhebar goes home to his bare, two-room dwelling, only one room of which has a carpet. Dhebar squats on the carpet and listens to the peasants, also squatting there, who have come to tell him their troubles. In this way, U. N. Dhebar has gained an encyclopedic knowledge of the poor people's problems. Though an ascetic, Dhebar is also a fighter. He scraped up a police force that rid his region of dacoits, cruel bandits whose leader enjoyed cutting off his victims' noses.

The Congress leaders ratified Nehru's choice, which makes Dhebar's election a certainty. But they were still a little apprehensive. They know that Nehru believes the party to be flabby, smug and out of contact with the masses—and that Nehru is counting on U. N. Dhebar, the austere militant, to rectify these conditions. The party leaders know that they themselves are flabby and smug, but they want to stay that way.

Jawaharlal Nehru was 65 last week; among his presents were two spotted deer (Chinese symbols of longevity), two red-crested cranes and 100 goldfish from Red China's Chou En-lai.

EGYPT

Out Goes Naguib

Without even a corporal's guard to accompany them in case of trouble, two Egyptian army officers went to the ornate office of Mohammed Naguib in the Palace of the Republic this week, and told him he was through. Once he had been President, Premier, chairman of the Revolutionary Command Council, and benevolent front man for the young officers who kicked out King Farouk and made Egypt a republic. His was the reassuring, pipe-smoking symbol of a new order in an ancient, long-misgoverned land.

But the real ruler of the military junta was 36-year-old Lieut. Colonel Gamal Abd-el Nasser, who in a test of strength with Naguib last February got himself made Premier and let Naguib stay on in a presidential figurehead job only because of Naguib's immense popularity in the streets. Since then, Nasser has felt increasingly confident of surviving without Naguib's prestige. Last week Nasser saw his chance, when a Moslem Brotherhood leader testified that Naguib had prior knowledge of a recent plot to kill Nasser.

This week came the announcement: "The R.C.C. has today relieved Mohammed Naguib"; he was banished to a comfortable house in the suburbs. The Cairo streets took the news quietly. "That's like Nasser," said a diplomat. "He lets them dangle until they're ready to drop anything. Now nobody cares."

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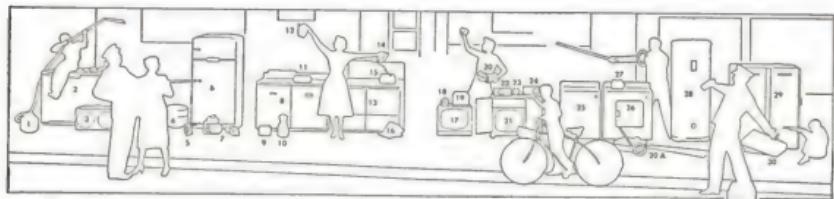
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JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

GERMAN ABOUT-FACE WILL DOOM EUROPE

PAUL RENAUD, former French Premier and EDC backer, who opposes the London agreements, in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*:

GERMANY is not a peril in itself. But should she turn to the East, we are lost. For, although there is widespread resentment in Germany over the treatment Russians have inflicted upon deported populations, it is Russia which holds in its hands all that Germany wants: its reunification first, which neither President Eisenhower, nor Sir Winston Churchill, nor M. Mendès-France can give her. One word from the Kremlin, however, could. Germany needs to export towards Eastern Europe, towards Russia, towards China. What would she not do to secure these markets? And even this isn't all, for Russia can offer to Germany, as the supreme gift, the restitution of all or a part of the territories which she holds. If Germany is once again dominated by her great general staff, can one be sure that she won't accept to change camps for a price like this?

DAVIES FIRING A BLOW AT U.S. FOREIGN SERVICE

COLUMNIST ROSCOE DRUMMOND, Washington bureau chief of the *Republican* New York Herald Tribune:

THE more the Administration's explainers explain the dismissal of John Paton Davies as a "security risk" on the ground that he showed bad "judgment," principally while serving in China ten years ago, the less it satisfies many in Washington who listen to it. Mr. Davies has devoted his whole adult life to the Foreign Service. The latest security board to hear the evidence—eight previous security boards having cleared him—found Mr. Davies completely loyal, completely devoted to the United States and never imprudent with government secrets. It did find that in its judgment Mr. Davies exercised "lack of judgment." What was the judgment which Mr. Davies exercised and which incited the charges against him? That since the Chinese Communists were on the way to winning control of China, it would be more in America's interests to try to keep the Chinese Communists friendly to us than to drive them more into Moscow's hands.

Davies' judgments were not accepted in Washington. They did not become policy. If they had, it is entirely probable that they would not have averted a pro-Soviet Chinese regime. But neither did any policy which the United States did pursue. America is not going to develop a mature, resourceful, intellectu-

ally honest Foreign Service by firing a veteran Foreign Service officer as a security risk principally because of differences of policy judgment.

DEMOCRATS ALREADY BATTLING IKE

PUNDIT ARTHUR KROCK.

THE page leaves in the calendar will be turned fifty-four times before the Democrats can take control of the machinery of Congress. But already they are supporting the President's campaign argument against the transfer of Congressional responsibility from the Republicans. He predicted that such a result would thrust partisan obstacles in his path. The Senate Democratic Policy Committee this week made the following policy decisions by way of proving it: 1) Not to permit the special Senate session to confirm the President's pending appointments, two to the Atomic Energy Commission and another to the Supreme Court; 2) To give a "quiet burial" to the Dixon-Yates private power contract, which the Democrats have made a partisan issue. The point is, as the President forecast, that if the Democrats were invested with responsibility for the 84th Congress, they would put their partisan considerations foremost. It is only because the Senate returned before Jan. 3, 1955 that the process has begun so early.

IKE SHOULD CANCEL DIXON-YATES CONTRACT

The pro-Republican, Scripps-Howard papers, in an "open letter" to the President:

MR. PRESIDENT, that Dixon-Yates contract already has caused your administration a lot of trouble and embarrassment. But you ain't seen nothin' yet unless you step in and straighten out the mess. You've got coming up a rambunctious Democratic Congress, and those guys are preparing to paw over that contract from hell to breakfast, make every political advantage of it and torment you next two years in the White House. Although many of the things [the Democrats] said about Dixon-Yates were untrue, enough was true to give the deal an unpleasant odor the public does not like—and an odor that ought not to be associated with your administration. You were absolutely sound on your approach to a problem. The taxpayer-subsidized TVA was peddling electricity at rates which couldn't be approached where consumers are charged what electricity actually costs when interest and taxes enter into the costs.

You were right, in our opinion, Mr. President, in deciding that TVA ought

not be permitted to expand farther beyond its natural boundaries at general taxpayer expense; that AEC should buy its additional electricity requirements from privately built steam plants which paid interest on investment and taxes on profits. But in our view, the AEC has been pitched into the role of "power broker" for TVA. The AEC has much more important things to do. It should be able to buy directly all the power it needs for its own vital work. The contract should go to the lowest competent bidder. The thing to do with this Dixon-Yates contract, Mr. President, is to toss it into the ashcan. Then offer to buy the electric power we need from whosoever makes the lowest bid. Even Democrats don't know how to make a better deal than that. It will deprive them of an issue, and it will settle your problem.

AEC POLITICAL LABELS A DANGEROUS TREND

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL, former AEC chairman, in a letter to the New York Times:

INCREASINGLY, during the past year or so, the Atomic Energy Commission has come to be thought of, for the first time in its history, in terms of the political affiliations or obligations of its members:

On important matters, such as the verdict in the Oppenheimer case or the current issue over the Dixon-Yates power contract, the conflicting views of the commissioners have been reported as if the AEC were a bipartisan body, organized on political lines, or even as an arm of the Administration in power. For example: Chairman Strauss is now commonly identified in the press as "a Republican member" in contrast with Dr. Smyth, Mr. Zuckert and Mr. Murray, who were described as "the Democratic members."

This has now come to be more than merely a matter of terminology. A fundamental transformation is in process in the very character of the body entrusted with the future of atomic science. That the change does not appear to have been a deliberate one does not make the result any less disturbing, nor the potential consequences less injurious to the national interest.

Congress in 1946 established the AEC as a nonpartisan, not as a bipartisan body. It was to be nonpolitical, not bipartisan. In fact, on this first commission there were three men who in private life had been active and influential Republicans. If the country and the Congress intend that the affairs entrusted to the AEC be administered on a political basis, i.e., be part of the Eisenhower and succeeding Administrations, the issue should be faced frankly and the law changed. We should not continue to drift into so momentous a change.

THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

The Bullfighters

Ever since he came to power, Argentine Strongman Juan Perón has maintained an uneasy truce with the Catholic Church. In a country where more than 90% of the people are Catholics, no practical-minded dictator could do otherwise. But recently, Perón's press and unions began sniping at the clergy, and last week Juan Perón himself leaped in with a biting attack on several Catholic priests. Some Catholic organizations, he apparently feared, were forming an embryonic Christian Democratic Party to oppose him.

Perón first suavely made a careful distinction between the church and its priests. The country's highest Catholic leaders, he explained, supported his drive against "individual priests who do not know their duty." Said Perón: "I don't know why all these Catholic organizations

—doctors, lawyers, farm owners—are suddenly created. We too are Catholics. Only we don't say that we are Catholic Peronistas. We just say that we are Peronistas."

Thus self-cast in the role of Defender of the Faith, Perón declared: "[One priest] says that the choice is between Christ or Perón. I have never been in conflict with Christ. What I am trying to do is to defend Christ's doctrine, which for 2,000 years priests like these have been trying to destroy."

His adversaries in the church, Perón explained, resembled a bullfighter goading a bull to attack the red cape—that is, the church itself. "We would make a big mistake to behave like a bull," said Perón. "We shall not charge against the cape, but against the bullfighter . . . and we know who he is."

Perón named, by name, three offending bishops and 21 priests who, he said, had been fomenting antistate activities: he

promised to "take action against these people . . ." Next day, as if on cue, young Peronistas began greeting priests in the streets of Buenos Aires as "Mr. Bullfighter." A Peronista paper printed pictures of the three bishops under the headline to THE PILLOW. One of Perón's unions harried priests from attending union functions. Some of the priests named by Perón were fired from teaching and police-chaplain jobs.

Although one incidental effect of the campaign was to help distract Argentina's attention from chronically rising prices, there seemed little doubt that Perón's main purpose was just what it appeared: to stamp out any possible rivals for political power. There was even some speculation that Juan Perón, although moving cautiously, was in danger of pushing the matter too far and provoking a genuine popular desire for the Catholic party he fears.

LATIN AMERICA'S NEED TO EXPAND

Why Good Neighbors Must Get Together

THE economic and financial policy-makers of the U.S. and the 20 Latin American states meet next week in Rio de Janeiro for a conference that will have serious implications for the future relations between the U.S. and its neighbors. At issue is how much help, and what kind of help, the needy countries south of the border can expect from the U.S.

The Latin Americans bring with them eager hopes for sweeping changes in U.S. trade and investment policies—changes that would mean U.S. loans to produce more industrialization, more opportunity, a better life for the millions of impoverished who dwell in the high Andes, on the lonely pampas, in the green jungles and the crowded cities. The U.S. agrees wholeheartedly with these hopes: they grew in part from the loans-and-aid recommendations of Milton Eisenhower, who toured Latin America a year ago on behalf of the President. But what the U.S. proposes to offer seems to be far short of what the Latin Americans would like. If the Latinos are let down at Rio, their disappointment may generate the most serious era of bad feeling since the Good Neighbor Policy began.

Good Traders. Latin America depends almost solely on the U.S. for the means to develop its immense resources. Since the turn of the century, the U.S. has poured more direct private investments into Latin America (\$6 billion plus) than into either Europe, Canada or the combined remainder of the world. Between

the Rio Grande and Cape Horn there are 2,000 U.S. enterprises: oil companies, mines, auto factories, power plants, banana plantations.

Latin America sells the U.S. more (\$3.5 billion a year in coffee, sugar and militarily essential metals), and buys more U.S. goods (\$2.9 billion a year in vehicles, chemicals and textiles) than any other continent. Its peoples number 167 million, and they are multiplying 2½ times as fast as the rest of the world. But three-fifths of them are lowly tillers of the soil, and their per capita yearly income (about \$275) is a meager one-sixth that of the U.S. citizens.

The U.S. and the Latin Americans agree that a raising of this standard of living can no longer be postponed. Says Henry Holland, the State Department's top official for Latin American affairs: "Perhaps the most important single economic development in the hemisphere is the growing determination among men everywhere somehow . . . to feed, clothe, house and educate themselves and their families better." But what should be done, and how?

One possibility is outright grants; since the war, as Latin Americans often point out, rich Belgium and tiny Luxembourg have received almost three times more from the U.S. than the \$200 million given to all 20 Latin American nations. Most Latinos, however, are beginning to agree with the U.S. that money gifts are not the cure. Another possibility is higher prices for the things Latin America sells, but the U.S. is cool toward price supports anywhere. A third way is more technical guidance from the U.S.; Latin America could use another 7,000 scholarships a year to train engineers and technicians in the U.S. But both the U.S. and the Latin

Americans agree that the heart of the matter is Latin America's need for greater capital investment.

In recent years investments from all sources in Latin America have been running at about \$4.4 billion a year. Of this, \$1.8 billion is from domestic private capital (v. \$50 billion in the U.S.), \$2.2 billion from domestic government capital, \$350 million in foreign private capital, mostly from the U.S., and \$80 million from the World Bank and the U.S. Export-Import Bank.

A Billion a Year. The argument that will flame at Rio is over which of these sources of capital should be or can be expanded. The Latin Americans argue that their domestic savings already run to 16% of their combined real national incomes, which is better than the U.S. rate. As for foreign private capital, the remitting of profits (about 10%, after plowbacks) takes an ill-spared tenth of the dollars Latin America gets for what it exports; the Latinos feel that they cannot afford more of this kind of help. Moreover, private capital cannot finance such basic, productivity-boosting investments as roads, schools, health programs.

As the Latin Americans see it, that throws the burden on public loans. They would like the World Bank and the Export-Import Bank to step up loans (which commonly pay low interest, about 4%) to \$600-\$650 million a year. They also want a U.S.-financed development bank that would lend \$50 to \$100 million a year to individual Latin American industrialists and farmers. The U.S. Treasury, they point out, collects about that much in taxes paid by U.S. firms operating in Latin America. These loans, plus private

VENEZUELA

Good Guest

"A talk with Mr. Proudfit," said Caracas' *La Esfera*, "is full of references to Venezuela. This country is a fundamental part of his being, anonymously present in every gesture and word." Last week, after 25 years in Venezuela, Creole Petroleum Corp.'s President Arthur T. Proudfit boarded ship for New York, where he will become a director of Creole's parent company, Standard Oil of New Jersey.

Behind him, Oilman Proudfit left an organization that in 33 years had pumped \$1 billion in investments into Venezuelan oil, in return had pumped out as much as \$500 million a year of black crude. Creole has helped make Venezuela the second wealthiest nation per capita in Latin America. From Lake Maracaibo to the Orinoco delta, thousands of houses, schools, hospitals and churches have been built for Creole's employees, 94% of whom are Venezuelan.

Most Venezuelans, if asked to name one man responsible for the spectacular

harmony between their nation and the foreign-owned companies that pump its oil, would point to bald 56-year-old Art Proudfit. "Venezuela," he once said, "is my own true land, in my affections and daily life."

Creole reflected Proudfit's affection and respect for Venezuelans by hiring nearly 20% more nationals than the law required, by training them for skilled labor and management jobs and paying them as much as U.S. employees, and by introducing sweeping company health measures. In 1948 he recognized the threat of nationalization, avoided it by agreeing (and persuading other oil companies to agree) to at least a 50-50 split in profits with the government: this now nets Venezuela \$230 million a year.

Before leaving Caracas, self-effacing Oilman Proudfit was awarded the rank of Knight Commander of the Order of the Liberator, Venezuela's highest nonpolitical award to a foreign civilian. Said Foreign Minister Dr. Aureliano Otáñez: "You are the best ambassador that the U.S. has ever sent to Venezuela."

foreign investments that would be held to \$300-\$350 million, add up to a round \$1 billion a year from abroad.

The 20th Century Businessman. The Latin American argument is tidy, and in some ways dramatic. But in writing off private enterprise so fast, it slides unrealistically over the actual experience of many Latin American countries. Profit remittances are indeed heavy, but the very U.S. enterprises they reward are big dollar earners for the countries involved. *e.g.*, Cuba sugar, Venezuelan oil, Chilean copper, Mexican lead and zinc.

Foreign oil investments in Venezuela pay a 20% return, yet bring in so many dollars in oil sales that the country has South America's hardest currency and never asks for loans. President Eisenhower thinks so well of this example that he recently awarded Venezuela's strongman, Marcos Pérez Jiménez, the U.S. Legion of Merit for his "sane economic policy." Venezuela's neighbor, Brazil, by contrast, excludes foreign oilmen so rigorously that even Brazilians married to foreigners may not own oil stock. This attitude is an understandable product of proud nationalism, but the result is that Brazil must spend a third of the dollars she gets on fuel from elsewhere (including Venezuela).

"We believe," says Holland, in what represents the germ of official U.S. policy for Rio, "that in the 20th century businessman, be he Brazilian, Mexican, North American or what you will, lies the greatest hope for prosperity for our hemisphere." This businessman does not need lavish incentives. But foreign capital will not come if: 1) the law flatly stops it, *e.g.*, as in Brazilian oil; 2) expropriation is likely or governmental economic policies shift unpredictably; 3) profit remit-

tances are curbed (when Argentina's Juan Perón raised remittance limits, Henry Kaiser promptly signed up to put \$10 million into a badly needed car factory).

As for roads, schools, dams, pipelines and hospitals, Holland points out that the U.S. "proposes to intensify and expand the activities of the Export-Import Bank" for projects "for which private capital would not reasonably be available" in countries that "have taken the measures which would reasonably encourage private capital." How much the Export-Import Bank might lend, the U.S. was not ready to say, but its lending capacity has lately been raised by \$500 million.

On the eve of the conference, the U.S. also decided to back the idea of a bank to lend to private enterprises as a sort of international RFC (*see NATIONAL AFFAIRS*). The new bank will be small (capital: \$100 million), and it will deal all over the world, not just with Latin America. But it is nonetheless a change in the seemingly firm U.S. stand, and it was a most propitious gesture.

For weeks, the U.S. has been acting and talking as if it would go to Rio with nothing but disappointments for Latin America. The new U.S. gesture was sufficient to brush some of the pessimism aside, and suggested the possibility that more compromises can be achieved at Rio. Assured of some help, Latin Americans may face up to the fact that their policies and governments often stand in the way of the foreign investments Latin America needs most. And the U.S. may find a stronger will to help the Latin Americans turn their valid hopes into realities. But it will require more than good will. "Good will," commented one Latin American, "is fine, but it will not grow potatoes."

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In a cozy glimpse of a madcap prince's private life, **Ali Khan's** longtime (19 years) chauffeur and bodyguard, Emrys Williams, disclosed in his memoirs that life with Ali was rarely dull. Things hummed more than usual during Ali's high-octane fling at marriage with mercurial **Cinemactress Rita Hayworth**. Recalls Williams: "The day after she had dined . . . at the home of the **Duke** and **Duchess of Windsor**, I realized that Rita was determined to remodel the **Château de l'Horizon** on the lines of the Windsor establishment. Prince Ali's maids, who for years had worn gay summer prints and went bare-legged except for formal occasions, were measured for crisp black-and-white uniforms. Rita made them all wear black silk stockings and high-heeled black leather shoes . . . One day when Prince Ali and I were exercising together—we used to throw to each other a pint-sized Indian boy who enjoyed every moment of it—my boss said: 'I know this is all a lot of ruddy nonsense. Daffy, but it is no use protesting.'"

That old frog-throated scofflaw, Gambler **Frank Costello** (né Castiglia), still at large on \$50,000 bail after appealing a five-year jail sentence for dodging 1947-49 income taxes, stood in grave danger of having his wings further clipped. Because he refused to testify about his activities in the U.S. before 1925 (when he became a U.S. citizen), a federal district attorney asked a U.S. court to denaturalize Italian-born Costello immediately.

Colorado's brainy Republican Senator **Eugene Millikin** sat, hands clasped limply, looking rather glum, and listened to testimony before the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee in Wash-

ton. His bald pate was partly mantled by a neatly folded handkerchief, which Millikin did not bother to explain. But two days later, he landed in a hospital with a bad head cold.

The once infamous city of Sodom,* which has been pretty much out of the news since **Lot's Wife** turned into a pillar of salt and the whole sinful city got its comeuppance (*Genesis 19*), was back in the limelight. Tel Aviv's Chamber Theater Company arrived in Sodom to perform for the local miners and settlers—among them, Israel's former Premier **David Ben Gurion**, now a sheep farmer. On a stage set up near the Dead Sea, 1,200 ft. below sea level, the actors put on a new play, *Casablanca*, dealing with the social and psychological integration of the country's peculiarly heterogeneous immigrants—in this case a Mo-



United Press

LIBERIA'S TUBMAN
Dedicated.

guest of **President Eisenhower**, highlighted his visit with a foray into Georgia, the homeland of his ancestors. In Atlanta, he was welcomed by the city's white mayor but failed to meet the man who had invited him to the state, Governor Herman Talmadge, a white supremacist, who found it expedient to be elsewhere dedicating a hospital.

The editor of *Foreign Affairs* magazine, **Hamilton Fish Armstrong**, a nonpartisan man who is usually preoccupied with global concerns, sent a tut-tutting letter to the *New York Times*, taking the Republicans to task on a local issue: "I refer to an unfulfilled pledge made by the Republican Party in 1952 [for] 'more efficient and frequent mail delivery service.' . . . My [Manhattan] office receives only one mail delivery a day. There is no large city in any other leading nation of the world—and I speak advisedly—where such a lamentable condition exists."

An ancient, 16-h.p. Dodge automobile, which had known glory as General **John J. Pershing**'s personal staff car when he shuttled between French battlefields in World War I, wound up in the hands of a French junkman named Eugene Chaveneau. With a clear eye on turning a modest profit, Junkie Chaveneau coolly announced that the relic will be scrapped unless, for historical or sentimental reasons, it attracts a buyer by month's end.

Queen Elizabeth II, whose stables house such fleet specimens of horseflesh as her stakes-collecting four-year-old **Aureole**, learned that she had topped Britain's race-horse owners in supplementing her monarchial income this past season. Her total winnings: \$114,780, picked up in 19 races by ten of her thoroughbreds—a record turf bonanza for a member of Britain's royal family.



LOT & FAMILY (FLEEING SODOM)
Disintegrated.

roccan immigrant's efforts to find a place in a new Jewish society. Few in the audience came away with a solution to their own brand of Jim Crow. Said *Casablanca*'s Playwright Yigal Mossinson: "Life should not find the solution. The stage should not anticipate life."

After a month's tour of the U.S., Liberia's popular, Bible-quoting 18th President, **William Vacanarat Shadrach Tubman**, 58, sailed from Manhattan for Haiti. From there he will proceed to Jamaica before heading home for West Africa. While in the U.S., he picked up nine honorary degrees, was a White House

* The original Sodom, at the south end of the Dead Sea, was destroyed by fire and earthquake about 1900 B.C. Some authorities call attention to a mound of salt, called "Lot's Wife," still standing near the modern Sodom.



United Press
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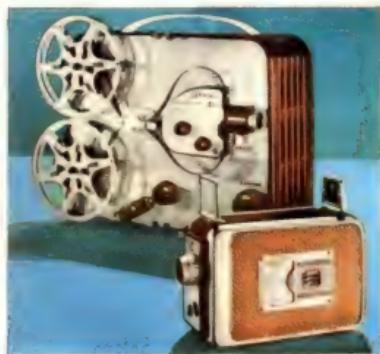
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EDUCATION

Home of the Brave

Having proclaimed last week as American Education Week, President Eisenhower got off a few thoughts on intellectual freedom at his press conference. A reporter asked whether he would care to comment on "the anti-intellectual trend in our country which expresses itself in hostility to new ideas or different ideas or even traditional ideas." Without even bothering to brush aside the reporter's premise, the President said that he was

The Moon Looks Down. As Carrington well knows, the art is not easy. Drum talk is not a code like Morse. It is actually an attempt to reproduce language. Every syllable has its own tone, which the drummer must be able to catch by striking the hollow log at exactly the right spot. In some Bantu dialects, a single tone pattern may have different meanings, as in the pattern for *moon* and *fowl*. Thus, a drummer must know enough to add a qualifying phrase: *moon* becomes "the moon looks down on the earth" and *fowl*



MISSIONARY CARRINGTON ON THE DRUM
"Woman with yams awaits. Come come."

Israel Shenker

against only one idea—the idea that a nation can shut off ideas and grow strong. People, said he, should dare to examine any philosophy preaching any doctrine short of the violent overthrow of the Government. If they were afraid of ideas, they were obviously afraid of themselves.

Boomlay

When John F. Carrington of the Baptist Missionary Society of London reached his new post in the Belgian Congo 14 years ago, one thing struck him especially: though there was neither telephone nor telegraph around, everyone in the village seemed to know exactly when he and his wife would arrive. The experience so impressed him that Carrington embarked on a second career of his own. Today he is the world's top white expert on the language of the Congo drums.

Last week TIME Correspondent Israel Shenker found Carrington at Yalembe, a jungle outpost in the Congo. There Carrington and his wife run a thriving mission school and are the guiding spirits of a community of some 500 natives. But John Carrington, 40, is now a missionary of another sort. Since only one pupil in ten knows how to speak on the drums, he has planned a special course to keep the ancient art alive.

turns into "the fowl, the little one that says kiokio."

The Carringtons have come to depend on the drum. At 5:30 in the morning the mission awakes to it (*da dee da da dee da da dee da*—*sukôla sukôla sukôla*—wash wash wash). Often when her husband is in the jungle, Mrs. Carrington beats out a quick tattoo to summon him back to lunch (*da da da da dee dee da dee . . . bosongo olimo konda . . .*). When she is through drumming, her message reads: "White man spirit in forest come come to house of shingles high up above of white man spirit in forest. Woman with yams awaits. Come come."

Crocodile & Leopard. How accurate is drum talk? Wrote Correspondent Shenker: "The drums of the village three miles across the river are heard regularly at the Yalembe mission, and the native pupils are always coming up to Carrington with messages from the other side. One reported: 'My father is on the other side with food.' How did he know? 'The drum said so.' Just to make sure, Shenker asked Carrington to station two drummers 200 yards apart and put them to a severe test:

"The sentence I dictated to Carrington was: 'The Giants beat the Indians in the World Series.' Carrington was unsure about 'Indians,' so we agreed to change it

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to 'Redskins.' 'World Series' seemed to be asking a bit too much of the drummers, so Carrington made it 'competition.' The message was thereupon relayed to one drummer as 'The Giants beat the Redskins in the competition.' The old drummer practically split the lips of his instrument beating out the message, and we walked over to the other drummer to ask what he had heard. His answer: 'The crocodile got the better of the leopard.' In the Congo, where crocodiles come big and leopards have tawny skins, that seemed close enough. My last doubts vanished."

Something for Cleo

In the growing who's who of Negro educators, the name of Cleo W. Blackburn, 45, ranks high. A former Tuskegee teacher, Sociologist Blackburn took over Flanner House in Indianapolis 18 years ago, changed it from a struggling Negro social center to a flourishing institution dedicated to helping Southern rural Negroes adjust to Northern city life. He upped its budget from \$17,000 to \$250,000, its staff from 17 to 70, set up a nursery school, opened clinics for TB and dentistry, organized classes in sewing, cooking and upholstery. Flanner House now provides everything from a full-fledged cannery to individual garden plots. The motto of the house: "The door to self-help."

In 1950 the trustees of Jarvis Christian College in Hawkins, Texas asked Blackburn to take over their campus as well as Flanner. Blackburn saw his problem as helping Negro farm hands driven from their jobs by modern machines. In addition to basic liberal arts, he set such students to studying animal husbandry, soil chemistry and farm machinery, gave them a third year of working at a job under college supervision. After that, armed with an associate of arts certificate, they are ready to strike out for themselves.

Two years ago, a group of Indianapolis and Texas businessmen got together to find a way to further Blackburn's work. Last week their Board for Fundamental Education announced its first project: for Flanner and Jarvis—and for similar centers it hopes to establish elsewhere—it intends to raise \$1.4 million in the name of Cleo Blackburn.

Report Card

¶ The U.S. Supreme Court upheld the right of the trustees of the State University of New York to order fraternities and sororities in 22 of the university's schools to sever connections with their national headquarters, and to eliminate any policy which bars students on account of race, color, religion, creed, national origin, or similar artificial criteria.

¶ Harvard University banned alcoholic beverages at football games and said that "obvious violators" would be stopped at the stadium gates.

¶ In New Haven, the Yale debating team won a sweeping victory over Princeton by taking the affirmative of the question: "Resolved that the Dixie look falls flat." Yale's summary of its case: "Our arguments are too well rounded to be refuted."

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RELIGION

Liberty for All

The principle of full religious toleration won a clear-cut victory in overwhelmingly Roman Catholic Italy. Again and again since the war, Italian police have acted against some proselytizing Protestant sects (e.g., Assemblies of God, Church of Christ), have fined or arrested members and broken up services. Last week Italy's highest administrative tribunal, the Council of State, ordered the Ministry of the Interior to grant juridical recognition to the Assemblies of God churches in Italy. The council severely criticized the police for having often ignored Italy's postwar constitution, which permits religious liberty for all. In practice, the ruling means that eventually all Protestant sects in Italy will probably have 1) tax-free places of worship, 2) the right to hold public services and solicit funds, 3) the right to perform legally binding marriage ceremonies and other religious rites.

Shuffle in Spain

For Spain's Pedro Cardinal Segura y Sáenz, in Don Juan's famous line, hell is a city much like Seville. In his terrible-tempered way, Segura has borne down on the gay, fun-loving people of his Seville diocese, suppressed their dances, banned movies, shuttered nightclubs and anathematized what he regarded as "lascivious customs." In pastoral letters, Segura, 73, has longed for the days of the "meritorious Inquisition" and has denounced even Spain's limited religious toleration as equally unacceptable in the presence of God.

For this stand, Segura has become almost as unpopular with many of his fellow Roman Catholics as with Protestants (a British Protestant weekly last month headlined an article on Protestants in Spain: "Pray for Your Brethren Behind the Incense Curtain"). Last week the news from Spain was that the Vatican has curbed crusty old Segura's powers. Rome evidently acted in full understanding with Spain's Dictator, Francisco Franco, whom Segura has often snubbed and attacked for 1) not supporting a Spanish monarchy and 2) allowing the Falange party to be too "anticlerical." The Holy See early this month appointed an archbishop coadjutor for the archdiocese of Seville with rights and functions equal to Segura's and with the "right of succession." He is affable, 50-year-old José María Bueno y Monreal, former bishop of Vitoria and an ardent supporter of Franco.

Cardinal Segura promptly flew off to Rome in a huff. He was not on hand to welcome his new co-archbishop to Seville, but 2,000 Sevillianos were. They were delighted with the modest prelate when he described himself as "a figure humble and simpatico." He added: "With this first pastoral benediction I give you, I desire to enter into your hearts and souls."

On Segura's return from Rome last

week, only his family and friends met him at the airport. Spaniards believe that he may soon withdraw from his Seville post.

Franco's hand was felt by another leading figure in Spanish Catholicism, who stood at the opposite end of the political spectrum from Cardinal Segura. He was Basque-born Father Jesús Iribarren, 42, editor of *Ecclesia*, official weekly of the Catholic Action group, and long regarded as a strong voice of freedom in Spain. Editor Iribarren roused the Caudillo's ire by publishing an article outspokenly critical of Spain's press censorship (TIME, May 31). Franco's press boss ordered Father Iribarren to quit, and his Minister of Information urged Iribarren's superior,



Martin Santos Yubero

CARDINAL SEGURA
To Rome in a huff.

Enrique Cardinal Pla y Deniel, Primate of all Spain, to fire the stiff-necked editor. Pla y Deniel refused but secretly suspended Iribarren. A bishop's conference last month put through the dismissal, ostensibly on the grounds that Editor Iribarren had not submitted his controversial article to his superiors.

At week's end, *Ecclesia* published a letter of resignation from Father Iribarren. Dated September 23rd, it remained unpublished until U.S. correspondents began filing reports of the Iribarren ouster.

Last Rites for Atheists

Any atheist with the courage of his convictions should die and let himself be buried without fuss. After all, why make much ceremonial ado about a body that has just passed into Nothing? But in practice, even atheists have a hankering for music and a few well-chosen words, and this pressing problem has just been taken up by Corliss Lamont, 52, the wealthy fellow traveler. In a pamphlet

entitled *A Humanist Funeral Service* (Horizon Press: \$1.00). Lamont paradoxically proposes some comforting last rites for unbelievers. In 1932, Lamont wrote his Columbia Ph.D. thesis on "The Illusion of Immortality," and he still insists that "death is the final end of the individual conscious personality," but he now feels that "rituals concerned with death are a form of art and . . . can serve as a healthy release and purge of tension."

Highlights from Lamont's lament:

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC: "It is usually desirable to have 15 or 20 minutes of introductory music." Sample selections: Handel's *Largo*, Bach's *Come Sweet Death*.

INTRODUCTION: "We are gathered . . . to do honor to the life and memory of John Stevens. Death has come to our friend, as it comes eventually to all men . . ."

MEDITATION: "Life and death are different and essential aspects of the same creative process . . . And we accept as inevitable the eventual extinction of human individuals and the return of their bodies, indestructible in their ultimate elements, to the Nature that brought them forth . . ."

BRIEF PERSONAL REMARKS: "Optional. About five minutes."

BURIAL SERVICE: "In saying our last farewell to John Stevens, we shall read a sonnet by George Santayana, who once wrote: 'The length of things is vanity; only their height is joy.' From Santayana's *To W.P.*:

*With you a part of me hath passed away;
For in the peopled forest of my mind
A tree made leafless by this wintry wind
Shall never don again its green
array . . .*

For those who prefer it, Lamont also offers a CREMATION SERVICE: "Through the purifying process of fire, this body now becomes transformed into the more simple and ultimate elements of our universe . . ."

The humanist funeral service, Lamont hopes, will purge the business of death of "sentimentality, showiness, and somberness."

Words & Works

Washington, D.C. was host last week to two major religious conferences:

¶ The Foundation for Religious Action in the Social and Civil Order, a newly formed interfaith group of clergy and laymen, held its first national conference, announced "two paramount aims: 1) To stress religious truth in the preservation and development of genuine democracy; 2) To unite all believers in God in the struggle between the free world and atheistic Communism."

¶ The National Conference of Christians and Jews, holding its 26th annual meeting, submitted a 39-page report to President Eisenhower on the "spiritual resources for brotherhood" in the U.S., ranging from its Judeo-Christian heritage to the Supreme Court ruling on desegregation. Eisenhower told the group: "Without a concept of the dignity of man founded on religious faith, we are sunk."

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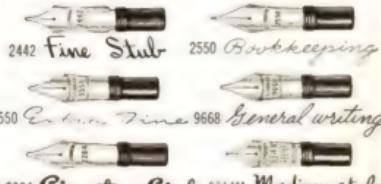
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RADIO & TV

Pretty Mixed Up

George Gobel's sudden TV popularity is as baffling as a common cold: everybody gets it, but nobody can explain it. A mild-voiced, crew-cut, anonymous sort of a man, he says: "The trouble with me is, people don't remember who I am. I guess I don't make a good impression. When I go to a party, nobody says hello; but when I leave, everybody says goodbye."

One night last week 34-year-old Gobel stood in front of a television camera. For a moment, he seemed like a well-dressed but bewildered boy who had come to deliver coffee and sandwiches to the TV crew, but who somehow had got in the way of the lens. "I am proud to announce," he said, "that this program is



GEORGE GOBEL
Everybody says goodbye.

being beamed to our armed forces at Hel-
sing's Bar and Grill. And let me say some-
thing to our fighting men there. Men, stop
fighting.

Hold Your Horse? This low-pressure Gobeldygook comes naturally to George. "It's interesting how I got to be called George Gobel," he told TV viewers on one show. "One day Dad called all 16 of us children into the living room and said, 'O.K., now, which one of you kids wants to be George Gobel?' I wanted to be Douglas Fairbanks Jr. But that was already taken."

George had a loud singing voice when he was a child. At eight, he was using it in church choirs around Chicago. When he finished Roosevelt High School ("I was voted most likely to dissolve"), he got started in radio as a singer and guitarist on barn-dance shows and managed to keep busy as a vocalist at weddings and bazaars. He even had some acting jobs on radio, but they were only bit parts. On

the *Tom Mix Show*, for instance, Gobel was always the boy who said plaintively, "I'll hold your horse for you, Tom."

During World War II, Flight Instructor Gobel spent much of his spare time working out comedy routines, later found work delivering sober-faced, simple monologues in Chicago nightclubs. Then he made some of the better-known TV shows (Ed Sullivan, Hoagy Carmichael) as a guest comic. He was the big splash last month on David O. Selznick's four-network TV show *Diamond Jubilee of Light* (TIME, Nov. 8), delivering a deadpan talk on electronic brains that probably set science back three centuries.

Lock of Format. Last year NBC signed him, but spent months trying to work out a proper format for his peculiar, shapeless brand of comedy. It was a tough job, since no one, including Gobel, could pin down his style. "I don't think it's like anybody else's," he says. "I didn't think about it until other people started describing it. They described it in so many ways, I get kind of mixed up. I guess it's offbeat, casual. I get a line I figure will be funny or not, and I don't try to figure it out."

"What we have now is not a format, but a lack of format, which makes it different. Sometimes the guest on my show will be in from the very beginning, sometimes not. It's a mixture of sketch and story line. It's pretty mixed up."

Now that his new network show (Sat. 10 p.m., E.S.T.) is under way and gaining steadily (Plymouth, sponsors of CBS's opposing program, *That's My Boy*, canceled out last week), Gobel likes to submit himself to a characteristic reverie. Says he: "Walter Winchell has been a great blessing to the cancer drive. Bob Hope's been doing great work for cerebral palsy, and Eddie Cantor is the big boost for the heart fund. By the time I get started, all the good diseases will be taken."

The Week in Review

The airwaves crackled with the promise of choice entertainment; but, as usual, the promise was mostly unfulfilled. Maine's Republican Senator Margaret Chase Smith returned from a brief trip to Russia and checked in with Ed Murrow and *See It Now* (CBS-TV). Ex-Newshen Smith reported little that was new, concluded: "The Soviet leaders smile only with their faces—never with their hearts: the little people smile with their hearts—when they get a chance to do so." Historian Arnold Toynbee showed up on the usually exhilarating radio show *Conversation* (NBC) to discuss "My Favorite Era," but offered nothing more than the desire "to be one of those professors on the staff of Alexander the Great and go all over the world with him. But as the father of a family, I'd like to live, say, in Holland in 1880." CBS-TV's new interview show, *Face the Nation*, had for its first guest Senator Joe McCarthy. Also giving out with little that was new or stimulating, he just horsed around plowing old furrows (the "lynching bee," "Communism in government"). Another important guest belonged to

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Comic Steve Allen, who had a televised talk with his boss, glib NBC President Sylvester (Pat) Weaver. Said Weaver, defending the network's heavily publicized "spectaculars": "I have never met anybody who saw—that is to say, any just plain person as against a critic or somebody that is looking at it with a special frame of reference, usually his own witticisms—that saw these shows in color with the limited number of sets available, who just didn't flip his lid, as we say at the high executive level."

NBC's spectacular of the week starred Steve Allen, Judy Holliday and France's top pantomimist Jacques Tati, who played the Chaplinesque lead in the movie *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* (TIME, July 5). Tati was the hit of the show in a brief series of vignettes (a determined tennis player, a fumbling fisherman, a cowardly boxer, a prancing circus horse and rider) that showed off a remarkably agile and expressive 6-ft. 4-in. body. The week's second big color feature, Cole Porter's *Panama Hattie* (CBS), boasted Ethel Merman, but even Troupier Merman could not keep the show from becoming a busy, shapeless, cluttered mass of sight and sound.

Drama, as usual, was television's old reliable. CBS's *Studio One* production of *An Almanac of Liberty*, inspired by Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas' book of essays on America's heritage, pitted a group of townspeople against a stranger with "radical" ideas. Frightened when they discover that time is standing still as a result of their mistreatment of the stranger, a few try to gang up on the intruder only to find that time moves backward with each infringement of another man's rights. At length, they realize that the day is Dec. 15, the 163rd anniversary of the signing of the Bill of Rights. When they repeat, time, once again, moves ahead, Reginald Rose's expert script and a fine cast made *Studio One* the week's No. 1 entertainment.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Nov. 17. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Shower of Stars (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Entertainment on Wheels (in color), with Betty Grable, Ed Wynn, Harry James.

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow interviews Lillian Gish and Robert C. Lewis.

Football (Sat. 1:25 p.m., ABC). Ohio State v. University of Michigan.

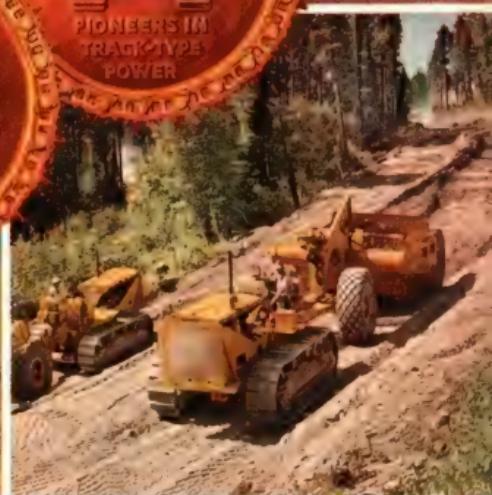
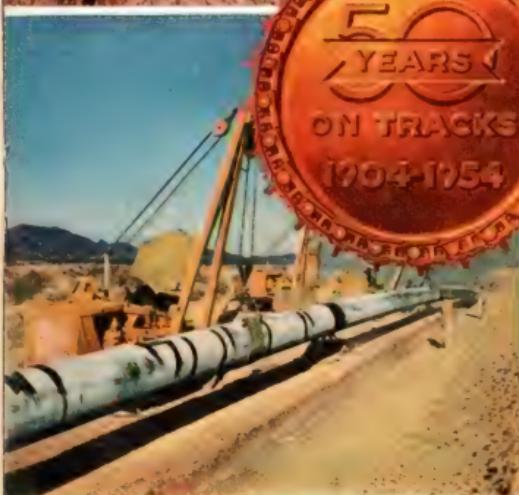
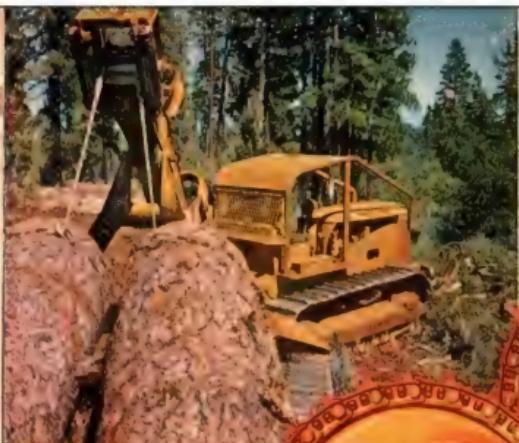
Spectacular (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). *Best Foot Forward* (in color), with Jeannie Carson, Charlie Applewhite, Marilyn Maxwell, Robert Cummings.

Meet the Press (Sun. 6 p.m., NBC). Guest: France's Pierre Mendès-France.

RADIO

Where Have You Been? (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., NBC). New panel quiz game.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Bruno Walter conducting Haydn and Berlioz.



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Customline Series. The Tudor Sedan shown above) and the Fordor Sedan, like all '55 Ford models, have a new wider grille, new visored headlights and sturdier, extra-narrow pillar-posts for better visibility.

Station Wagon Series. The Custom Ranch Wagon is one of five new do-it-all beauties. There's also a 6- and 8-passenger 4-door Country Sedan, an 8-passenger Country Squire and popular 2-door Ranch Wagon.

Mainline Series. Each of the three Mainline beauties offers the same engineering advances, the same graceful contours and clean lines that distinguish all '55 Fords. The Fordor Sedan is illustrated above.

Plus all these totally new features

New "Speed-Trigger" Fordomatic Drive has an automatic low gear for quicker starts and better passing ability. 10% larger brakes mean smoother stopping and up to 50% longer brake lining life. Tubless tires offer extra puncture and blowout protection, a softer and quieter ride, longer tire life. Angle-Poised Ball-Joint Front Suspension reduces "road joint jar." Turbo-Action Spark Plugs resist "fouling" up to 3 times as long. Sleek Silhouette is longer, lower, with more room inside . . . and more luggage space.

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'55 FORD

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Ethiopian	Trans Australia
Hawaiian	United
JAT, Yugoslavia	VARIG, Brazil
KLM Royal Dutch	Western
LACSA, Costa Rica	

MEDICINE

Furor About Sterilization

The patient, a former salesgirl in a Baltimore five-and-dime store, married young and had two children. But after each birth she had a nervous breakdown. Estranged from her husband, she had three more children illegitimately, and each time suffered what psychiatrists call a "schizophrenic reaction, catatonic type." Still only 25, she is now at Maryland's Springfield State Hospital. Her brothers and sisters and her husband agreed that for her own good she should be sterilized. In a lucid interval she agreed.

Most states have laws specifically authorizing sterilization when it is dictated by medical necessity (28 go further and allow it for eugenic reasons), and none forbids it. But Maryland has no clear-cut legislation on the subject. Circuit Judge Herman Moser went back to a general provision of the Maryland code for his authority: "The court shall have full power . . . to superintend and direct the affairs of persons *non compotes mentis*, both as to the care of their persons and the management of their estates." Last month Judge Moser ordered the operation.

The full weight of Baltimore's powerful Roman Catholic hierarchy was brought to bear against the order. (The patient is not a Catholic, but a member of the Church of the Brethren.) The order "creates a terrifying precedent," complained the archdiocese's official *Catholic Review*. "An invitation to practice fraud and deceit," charged an anonymous group of Catholic lawyers. Theologian Francis J. Connell of the Catholic University of America denounced the order as "totalitarian, un-American and irreligious." Citing Pius XI ("Public magistrates have no direct power over the bodies of their subjects . . .

where no crime has taken place"), Connell argued that the judge's decision was "opposed to the principle that God is the supreme and direct Lord of every human being . . . What civilized person would recommend that . . . a surgeon cut off the hands of the irresponsible kleptomaniac so that he may no longer steal?"

Last week Judge Moser threw out a petition by Catholic attorneys to stay the order, ruled: "[The court] has not only the authority but a definite obligation to this incompetent to authorize the operation."

A Man Without Worries

No contestant in the opening round of last week's Florida State Bridge Tournament was more cheerful than Frederick Bernard Snite Jr. True, he could not lift a hand to play his cards, because he was paralyzed, but he told the nurse who held them what he wanted to play. He saw the cards only by reflection in the mirror over his face. For 18 years and seven months, since he was stricken with polio, Fred Snite had been bound to an iron lung.

Bridgeplayer Snite, 44, did not show up for the tournament's second day. In the West Palm Beach hotel room where he had been taking a nap in the iron lung, he was found dead. The respirator was working, but after so many years of pumping against it, Fred Snite's heart had failed in his sleep. Thus ended perhaps the most fabled fight an American has ever made to stay alive and to enjoy life against terrible odds.

Plugged Out & In. For years, the smiling face reflected in the iron lung's mirror was familiar to millions in newspapers and newsmagazines. His father spent an estimated \$1,000,000 on the medical fight to keep him breathing. Fred graduated from



International

FRED SNITE JR. PLAYING HIS LAST BRIDGE GAME
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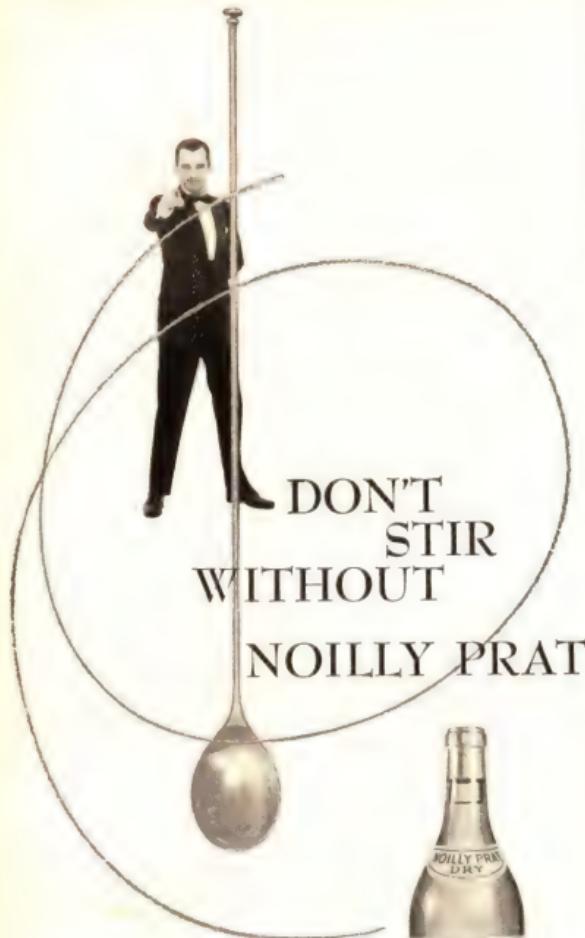
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...if you've never used Noilly Prat
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and see the wonderful difference.

By the way, try the smart new
Dry Manhattan, made with you know what.



Notre Dame in 1932, went to work in his wealthy father's business, the Local Loan Co. of Chicago. Four years later, in China on a trip around the world, he contracted bulbar poliomyelitis.

He had the incredible good fortune to land in Peking, where the Union Medical College had an iron lung—probably the only one in all Asia at the time. But thereafter, young Fred could never draw a care-free breath for fear that the machine that breathed for him might fail. And there was no hope of substantial recovery. His neck, back and arms were paralyzed; so were his chest and abdominal muscles. His left leg was 90% paralyzed; in his right he had a little movement.

The first 14 agonizing months in Peking cost \$150,000, by his father's estimate. Then came a logistic problem as complex as it was costly (\$50,000) to get Fred home, across 9,000 miles to River Forest, near Chicago. In his hospital room the iron lung was unplugged from the power supply and whisked to the ground floor. The lung was plugged in again to let Fred get his breath, then out again as he was rolled onto a waiting truck with a gasoline generator chugging. The off-on routine was repeated at the station, where a special train waited (with a generator in a baggage car), and at Shanghai, where attendants transferred Fred to a waiting iron lung aboard the *President Coolidge*.

Fellow Alumnus. Soon, Fred Snite's comings and goings in his private mobile hospital (a converted bus) and by private railroad car between Chicago and Florida became commonplace. Then, with his devout Roman Catholic family and an entourage of twelve (a doctor, five nurses, a physiotherapist, two orderlies, two mechanics and a chauffeur), he made the pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. From the Vatican came the Pope's personal blessing. Fred Snite saluted the Pope "as an honorary fellow alumnus of the University of Notre Dame," insisted: "I ask no miracle . . . I came here to receive the spiritual strength to keep on getting better."

A 9-lb. portable chest respirator soon made it possible for Snite to spend as long as seven hours a day outside the iron lung (although he still used it outdoors and while asleep). In 1939 he married Teresa Larkin, a friend of his sisters, whom he had known since boyhood. Next year they had a daughter, and later two more.

Fred Snite used his own cheerfulness to encourage other polio victims to put up the same stubborn fight. He went to foot-ball and *jai alai* games, horse races and outdoor theaters, and even gave cocktail parties. He dubbed himself "The Boiler Kid," and once said: "I'm one of the few people in the world without worries. Many might be glad to change places with me."

Conscious Under the Knife

In Operating Room D of Manhattan's New York Hospital, Surgeon-in-Chief Frank Glenn held a razor-sharp scalpel over the patient's chest and asked, "How is she?" Replied Chief Anesthesiologist

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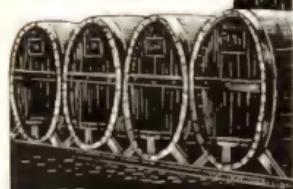




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EDNA DURING OPERATION WITH HEART EXPOSED

Across the threshold to a painless state.

Joseph Francis Artusio Jr.: "She's fine." Then Artusio addressed the patient: "Edna, can you hear me talking to you now?" She opened her eyes. "Edna, look over the sound of Dr. Artusio's voice."

Without more ado, Surgeon Glenn cut into the chest of Edna, 37, a housewife who had had rheumatic fever at 18 and was now suffering from scarring and narrowing of the mitral valve in her heart. As the scalpel made swift but precise cuts and laid bare a rib, Dr. Artusio asked: "Can you nod your head?" Edna nodded. Dr. Glenn lifted a pair of shears and snipped out the rib. Then he cut deeper, through the layers of the heart sac, until the pulsing organ itself was laid bare. He plunged his gloved finger into it and wiggled his fingertip, so that it tore some of the scar tissue and enlarged the opening in the mitral valve in order to let more blood flow from the left auricle to the left ventricle. Throughout the delicate operation, Edna was conscious. As the incision was being sewed up again, Dr. Artusio told her: "Put your tongue out at me." She did.

Although conscious, Edna did not feel anything. Five days later, on her way to a good recovery (after years of semi-invalidism and constant fear that her heart might fail completely), she remembered nothing about the operation. And she was politely shocked at the idea that she had stuck out her tongue at anybody.

In most operations it has been thought best to have the patient totally anesthetized and unconscious. But this can be dangerous for the "poor-risk" patient with a failing heart, because the circulation may collapse entirely. To get around this hazard, Drs. Glenn and Artusio went back to a 100-year-old medical observation that had never been put to practical use, i.e., the fact that when the ether of ordinary anesthesia is wearing off, surgery can

still go on, because for a while the patient feels no pain.

To bring about this painless state, or analgesia, which involves the entire body, Dr. Artusio puts patients through all the usual sequence of anesthetics (barbiturates, thiopental sodium, nitrous oxide, oxygen, ether) until they lose consciousness. Then he gives more oxygen and less ether, so that they edge back across the threshold into consciousness, and holds them at this level. Edna's case, filmed in color by E. R. Squibb & Sons for hospitals and professional groups, was typical of 120 mitral valve repairs on which Drs. Glenn and Artusio have worked—enough, they feel, to establish that ether analgesia is just what the surgeon needs for many hard-pressed patients.

Capsules

¶ Doctors' age-old habit of looking at the patient's tongue is a waste of time, suggested London's Dr. Bruno Gans in the *British Medical Journal*. He found "no connection between a furred tongue and the state of the tonsils, the teeth . . . a poor appetite or the action of the bowels." ¶ Despite slow progress toward finding a cause or cure for muscular dystrophy, doctors believe that victims can be helped by muscle training, special gadgets to help them perform everyday tasks, and psychological counseling. To provide these, the Muscular Dystrophy Association of America opened a big clinic in downtown Los Angeles, hope to open a score like it across the U.S.

¶ In hopes of cutting the nation's annual bill of \$5 billion for ravages of the common cold, businessmen and bankers voted to spend \$500,000 through Manhattan's Common Cold Foundation for basic virus research.

¶ As distinct from local anesthesia, which is impractical for major chest surgery.



Boeing employees watch roll-out of 1000th B-47, covered with their contributions to a charitable organization.

The 1000th B-47 comes off the line

In March, 1950, the first production B-47 rolled out of the Boeing plant in Wichita, Kansas. On October 14 of this year, the 1000th Boeing-built B-47 came off those same assembly lines.

The Boeing B-47, also being produced by Douglas and Lockheed, is the Strategic Air Command's front-line, high-altitude medium bomber, and is capable of carrying a nuclear weapon 10 miles a minute. Already SAC's Second Air Force has been

completely equipped with B-47s, making it America's first all-jet striking force. Additional SAC units are in the process of making the same transition to jets.

Boeing's Wichita Division has, from the first, carried out continuing programs to lower production costs and to maintain on-schedule deliveries. The advanced B-47 is now being produced with fewer man-hours per pound than were required for the

much less complex B-29 during World War II. As a consequence, the cost of the B-47 has been reduced well below the best original estimates, and resultant savings have been passed on to the government.

Today, besides building B-47s, the Boeing Wichita Division is tooling up as a second manufacturing source of the B-52 eight-jet heavy bomber, which is now in production at the Boeing Seattle plant.



This crest is symbolic of the Strategic Air Command's strength and global achievements. It is found on such Boeing planes as the B-29, B-50, KC-97, B-47—and now on the B-52.

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SPORT

Deutschland über Jumps

Manhattan's 66th National Horse Show grew most exciting when a U.S. Army jeep toted jumps and fences into the ring and pink-coated Honey Craven, ringmaster, blew a fanfare on his long, thin trumpet. The stable owners in evening clothes, the teen-age girls who had come to show off their saddle horses, the grooms along the ringside, now all waited tensely for the real stars: the jumpers. About to begin as the competition for the President of

jäger. With a total of eight faults, that still gave him the lowest score of the evening. The band struck up the German anthem, as it did night after night throughout the show. By last week, the Germans had won seven of the total 14 jumping events, Mexico and Spain three each, the U.S. one and the Canadians none.

The German victory was remarkable because World War II scattered or destroyed most German horses. But under Dr. Gustav Rau, 74, trainer of every



United Press

GERMANY'S HANS WINKLER IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
Headaches for all from an aspirin salesman.

Mexico Trophy, toughest of the international jumping events.

The Mexican army team, which in the last eight years has won more jumping contests than anyone else, was not in this one: ex-President Miguel Alemán, who established the trophy, asked that no Mexicans take part, "in the interests of international good will." The excitement came from the Germans, who had not been in a U.S. show since before the war. Star of the German team was Hans Guenther Winkler, a 28-year-old aspirin salesman from Warendorf, who was mounted on Halla, a brown, nine-year-old mare that he had picked up as a "worthless nag" 2½ years ago and trained into a sensational jumper. Peering through his spectacles, he gave her a remarkably relaxed ride, took her easily over the first five jumps. On the sixth and toughest jump—a 5-ft.-high and 5-ft.-wide "double oxer"—the mare's hind hoofs, desperately straining upwards, did not quite clear the white bar and sent it sailing to the floor.

Winkler repeated the same fault with an aged chestnut gelding called Alpen-

German equestrian Olympic team since 1912, West Germany established a 30,000-member riding association. West German breeders and trainers worked patiently with whatever material they could find, achieved miracles with gentle handling. (Says Dr. Rau about Germany's Mexican rivals: "They use wires and poles to make them lift their legs. The horses learn, ja, but through fear.") Said Winner Winkler to an American newsmen last week: "You have wonderful horses, but you do not organize, you do not train enough. We work harder than anybody."

Westward the A's

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With ev'ry kind o' comfort ev'ry house is all complete,
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industry, it acquired a monumental bull, perched atop a 90-ft. tower and equipped with neon innards. Last week came the biggest innovation: for the first time since 1886,* Kansas City had a major-league ball club. The news came after three months of nerve-racking suspense for Kansas Citians: the Philadelphia A's westward move was considerably slower than a walk to the privy in the rain.

Last summer, Chicago's Arnold Johnson, a vending-machine tycoon, thought he could simply put \$3,375,000 in the slot and get himself a ball team. Millionaire Johnson happened to own the stadium of the minor league Kansas City Blues, the town's only big ballpark (he is also part owner of New York's Yankee Stadium). The nearest major-league town, St. Louis, was more than 250 miles away, he argued, and Kansas City was full of potential fans. Even the A's Connie Mack, 91, Grand Old Man of Baseball, agreed that the move was a good idea. But Connie's two squabbling sons and co-owners, Roy and Earle, could not agree to sell. The silliest wrangle since Seward bought Alaska followed. But last week Connie Mack, his failing health shaken by months of bickering, sold his team to Johnson with a shaking hand. The price: \$3,500,000—with Connie Mack Stadium and \$800,000 in debts thrown in.

Meanwhile, Johnson got ready to enlarge the Blues Stadium, started to look around for a manager and players. Said he: "My associates and I have a million dollars to spend." Everything would be up to date in Kansas City.

Scoreboard

¶ As the topsy-turvy football season drew on, teams vanished from the unbeaten list like autumn leaves. Twice-tied Colgate was surprised by Syracuse, 31-12, while in the Southwest Conference, Arkansas switched too late from defense to offense and lost to Southern Methodist, 21-14. Remaining undefeated, untied teams: Ohio State, U.C.L.A., Oklahoma. ¶ In the week's other big games, Ohio State tightened its grip on Rose Bowl tickets by pounding Purdue, 28-6. To cinch the Big Ten title, the Buckeyes still have to get by once-beaten Michigan, which slammed Michigan State, 33-7. With its seventh Big Seven title in sight, Oklahoma knocked Missouri out of the running, 34-13.

¶ In Brooklyn, a football game between Far Rockaway High School and St. Francis Prep broke up in a savage free-for-all. Some 150 spectators joined in and five players were casualties, two of them hospitalized. Far Rockaway's players, although they won 26-19, suffered further injury: three teen-age girls sneaked into their locker room, put the team's street clothes in the shower. Far Rockaway's players limped home in their uniforms, each carrying his bundle of wet clothes.

* When the Kansas City club became a member of the National League, replacing Providence. The team finished seventh in the eight-club league and went bankrupt.



Goldfish—Believe it or not, aquatic nurseries are now selling goldfish in polyethylene bags made by Bemis. The salesclerk lades the fish and water into the bag, folds the top over and seals it with a rubber band. The peculiar properties of polyethylene permit it to "breathe," although the Bemis Bag, made with Bemis-developed Fineweld seaming, is watertight. The cushioning bulk of water protects the fish. The Bemis Bags replace more expensive metal and cardboard containers.



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Bemis has developed a new, low-cost, lightweight, fire-resistant, sound-insulating material called Bemisorb[®]. It is made of burlap coated with resins applied by a newly developed process.

Bemisorb is used in making, among other things, a new type of flexible, retractable, sound-barrier partition for isolating noisy or hazardous factory areas.

Bemisorb is processed with a decorative finish and is available in various colors... so it and the retractable curtains made from it are suitable also for schools, offices, churches and homes, where the sound-insulation and fire-resistance are important factors.

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MUSIC

Young Man at the Opera

The young man was breathing hard as he tried for the fourth time to tie his stiff white tie so that both ends would come out even. Then he slipped on his rented tails, feeling a little ridiculous, and off he went to pick up his date. Opening night at the Metropolitan Opera (they said) was just about the most exciting occasion of the New York season and should therefore prove (he hoped) the most effective way to impress a girl. The investment of \$60 for a pair of tickets was considerable (particularly since the show was on theater TV in Brooklyn, and dozens of other places, at \$3 a seat). But this was a very special kind of girl, who knew her music. In the jogging taxi, the young man was

incomprehensible Italian, but he certainly could sing. Next came the first act from *La Bohème*. The scene was a huge, musty attic with four gay blades romping around. The music was very pretty, and it seemed clear that the stocky fellow in an artist's beret named Richard Tucker was making time with Victoria de los Angeles. This kind of thing, though the young man, should at least put his date in the right mood.

In the intermission, the young man and his girl got caught in the crush on the way upstairs to the bar—he had never seen so many jewels and furs in his life—and only just managed to get Scotch-and-soda (at \$1.00 each) before the bell summoned them back for the second act of *Barber of Seville*. The setting was a knockout, bright



OPENING NIGHT AT THE MET
A long wait for the dancing girls.

United Press

delighted when she cooed: "I've never been so thrilled in my life."

The young man had never seen grand opera except in the movies, but it must be pretty grand, all right. Look at that line of people who had been standing in the cold for three days in order to stand for four hours more inside. In the crowded lobby, his date fully expected to see a contingent of Astors and Vanderbilts (nobody had told her that opening night at the Met is, more and more, a circus, less and less a real social event). But the young man saw quite a few celebrities: an ex-Miss America, Margaret Truman, Eddie Fisher and his Debbie, and that blonde sagging under her jewelry—that was Hope Hampton.

Two on the Hook. The program listed the prologue to *Pagliacci*. The big curtains parted on a husky, stiff-backed man named Leonard Warren, dressed in a peculiar costume—tails and a blue shirt (probably for TV). His words were in

and modern-looking, and the heroine—this time it was pretty Roberta Peters—sang a tricky song he had often heard on the radio, called *Una Voce Poco Fa*. After that there was a lot of fine singing and clowning. Fat Fernando Corena sat in a fat chair and glared suspiciously at everybody; tall, skinny Jerome Hines wore a crazy hat, sat in a tall, skinny chair, giving him arguments. The heroine seemed to have two other men on the hook, a nobleman named Cesare Valletti and the barber, sung by Robert Merrill. It was pretty confusing, especially when the soldiers came on, tramped back and forth and nobody seemed to be in charge, but everybody certainly could sing.

Four Chunks. A lot of seats were empty by the time the third number came on. This was three whole scenes from *Aida*. First a Marlon Brando kind of man named Mario del Monaco came out and sang very loud and very high. He was luckier than the other operatic heroes and



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seemed to have two women after him, one being the daughter of the king of Egypt. Her name was Blanche Thebom, and she was a looker. The other was not so young, but she certainly could sing. Her name was Zinka Milanov. The young man liked it best in the third scene, where the Egyptians staged a big show with dancing girls. From where he sat, they looked mighty cute and not overdressed, but there were no bumps or grinds. He never did find out whether the boy got one of the girls, but things didn't look too good for him when the final curtain fell at the end of the act.

As they pressed through the crowd into the cool night air, his date explained to him that he would have enjoyed everything much better if he had seen one whole opera instead of four chunks. This the young man found reasonable, but then why had the Met put on this minced-up show? To make things more interesting for the TV audiences, someone said, and to give more stars a chance to appear. But was it really more interesting that way, or just more confusing? The young man was not sure he particularly wanted to see this sort of show again. True, his date was delighted and clung tightly to his arm. But as for him, he was very very tired.

Singing Priest

A white-haired but boyish-looking pries in a knee-length clerical coat strode to the dais in the Waldorf-Astoria's Jade Room one afternoon last week, took a soldierly stance between the grand piano and a bowl of pink-and-white chrysanthemums and faced the expectant crowd. Scottish Roman Catholic Father Sydney MacEwan, 45, started to sing in a small voice that recalled much of the bewitching sweetness of the late John McCormack. He sang the centuries-old songs of plaintive and merry love, of the sea and of the rugged Hebrides, while miniskirted matrons and sober monsignori dabbed at misty eyes. One of the favorites:

Westerling home and a song in the air
Light in the eye and it's goodbye to care,
Laughter and love and a welcome in
I know my heart, my own one . . .

When he is compared to McCormack, the singing priest says modestly: "I'm not fit to lace John's boots." When he held scholarship at London's Royal Academy of Music, young MacEwan auditioned for the great McCormack. Father MacEwan doesn't remember what he sang, but he says with quiet pride: "He thought I was 'guid.' I want to steer clear of any comparison with him. But he thought I was 'guid.'" So did London society, but in the midst of acclaim. Singer MacEwan felt call to the priesthood: "The spirit quickened where it will."

After his ordination in 1944, his superiors allowed Father MacEwan to continue his musical career part-time. He traveled as far as New Zealand and Australia, singing to sellout houses. But before starting his first U.S. tour last month,

lost 18 lbs. just worrying about the hard-boiled audiences he expected to meet. During his 28-day tour, he sang twelve recitals and made four TV appearances. From Shreveport, La. to Fall River, Mass., with stops in Chicago, Detroit and Pittsburgh, Father MacEwan found only enthusiastic audiences. Wrote Chicago Critic Claudia Cassidy: "You would have gone quite a distance to match some of the things he conjured in music . . . You may be haunted by [him]."

Enough people have been haunted by Father MacEwan over the past ten years to bring his HMV, Parlophone and British Columbia recordings past the million mark in sales (M-G-M Records plans to market

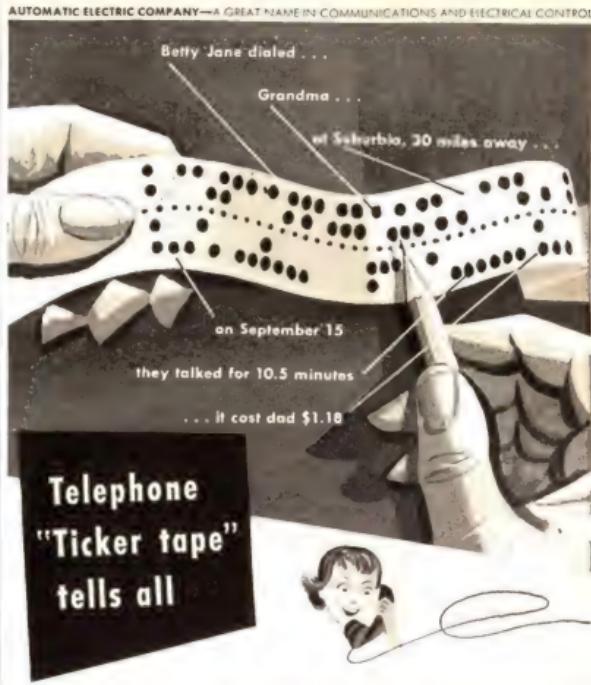


TENOR MACEWAN
Followed by misty eyes.

U.S. releases soon). With the proceeds Father MacEwan helped rebuild his parish church of St. Margaret's, Lochgilphead in Argyll, Scotland and contributed to both a mental and a TB hospital. Now he accepts concert engagements only during his vacation. Says he: "Eleven months of the year, I do my ordinary job. I sing only Masses and benediction and all. My parishioners are quite used to me."

New Records

With the appearance of LPs, once-bulky record albums became slender. Now major labels are again selling bulk, by releasing records in packages and series. As the winter music season got under way, several large, attractive series were on the counters. Victor released the second two LP volumes of the Beethoven *Piano Sonatas*, played with unbeatable fire and insight by the late great Artur Schnabel. London completed its own releases of the same series by 70-year-old Wilhelm Backhaus, as well as all seven *Symphonies* by British Composer Ralph Vaughan Williams with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Columbia packaged most of the Orches-



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TIME, NOVEMBER 22, 1954

tral Music of Brahms (four records), lovingly played by the Philharmonic-Symphony under Bruno Walter, and all the Beethoven Cello Sonatas (three records), masterfully played by Pablo Casals and Pianist Rudolf Serkin.

Other new records:

Bartók: Piano Concertos No. 2 & No. 3
(Edith Farnadi: Vienna State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Hermann Scherchen; Westminster). Happily his late companion Bartók was, though he set down the slashing, almost barbaric strains of No. 2, He was still 18 bars from the end of No. 3, a comparatively serene but equally intricate work, when he died in 1945 in Manhattan. Both pieces here get superior readings and recordings.

Mozart: Horn Concertos (Dennis Brain; Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Herbert Von Karajan; Angel). Mozart wrote four horn concertos between 1782 and 1786, each one more fun than the last. Britain's Dennis Brain, one of the world masters on the French horn, ripples them off, both elegantly and buoyantly.

Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier (Marius Reining, Sena Jurinac, Hilde Gueden, Richard Weber; Vienna State Opera Chorus; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Erich Kleiber; London; LPs). Strauss's most melodious score, in a stunning performance. It is dominated by the three brilliant sopranos, whose closing trio is the most affecting part of the opera, but the whole cast is in top form.

Stravinsky: Les Noces (Vienna Chamber Choir, four soloists, four pianos and percussion, conducted by Mario Rossi, Vanguard). The subject is a rustic wedding, and the pagan, mechanistic music (written for the Diaghilev ballet of 1923) is built around folk sources. Memorable qualities: the jabbing momentum in the accompaniment and the jerky rhythms of the chorus, which nevertheless convey the feeling of high good spirits. Fine performance.

Walton: Viola Concerto (William Primrose; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent; Columbia). A work which, after *Façade*, is William Walton's most renowned, makes its tardy LP debut (it was written in 1928). Although its texture is slightly richer than modern tastes approve, this is a strong composition, ranging from pensive to jazzy to robust.

Stefan Wolpe (Esoteric). If these three pieces were jazz, they would be called "far out," for German-born, U.S.-naturalized Composer Wolpe, 52, has hewed his way to extremes of modernity. *Passacaglia* (played by David Tudor) was written in the early '30s, is as dissonant and involved as the more recent *Violin Sonata* (with Frances Magnes and David Tudor). Composer Wolpe has taught jazz musicians, and his *Quartet for Trumpets* (Bob Nagel, Tenor Sax (Al Cohn), Piano (Jack Maxin) and Percussion (Al Howard) has a barely recognizable jazz flavor. Performances: superb.

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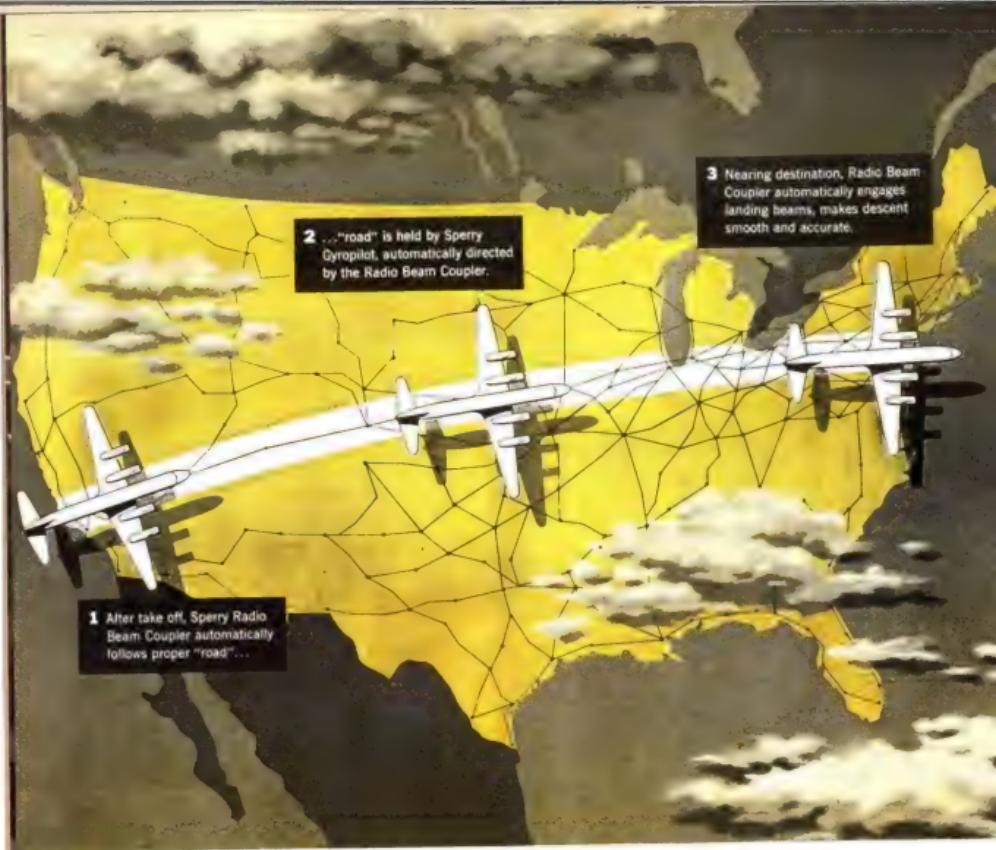


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SCIENCE

Reptomammal

Paleontologists know very little about that critical time, nearly 200 million years ago, when reptiles took the road that turned them into mammals, and eventually into man. They may know more soon. In the Navajo Reservation in northern Arizona, an Indian Service agent found an outcrop of fossil-bearing rock. Driving down from Denver to investigate, Government Geologist G. Edward Lewis found that the fossils were in the Kayenta Formation, a rock stratum that runs through Navajo country for hundreds of miles. For fossil fanciers this was big news: in the Kayenta Formation fossils are almost unknown.

Geologist Lewis chiseled out some blocks of rock and headed back to his laboratory. In one of the chunks he found a paleontological El Dorado: the skull of a part-reptile, part-mammal tritylodontoid, a transitional creature that lived about 165 million years ago when mammals were just evolving from reptiles. Only a few small tritylodontoid fragments have been found in the old world; none at all had been found in the new world.

After three trips to his fossil claim, Lewis has four skulls, two skeletons, and a lot of detached bones. The skulls are about 6 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with both reptile and mammal features. It will take years of finicky work with delicate tools to separate the bones from the rock, but already Lewis can describe the animal roughly. It was about as big as a cocker spaniel, with a long, heavy tail. Lewis does not know yet whether it had hair or scales, whether it laid eggs or bore its young alive, or how it made its living. When he has completed his work, he hopes to know all these things about man's low but aspiring ancestor.

How Fatal Is the Fall-Out?

Talk and worry over the H-bomb's radioactive "fall-out" is spreading.

A hot issue in New Zealand's current election campaign is the rumor (since denied) that the U.S. is planning to use Antarctica, 1,800 miles south of New Zealand, as an H-bomb testing ground. New Zealanders feel that 1,800 miles is not enough to shield them from the radioactive aftermath of hydrogen explosions.

In Parliament last week, Sir Winston Churchill said it was his understanding that an "undue number" of bomb tests might afflict the earth's atmosphere for 5,000 years. The Japanese, who get radioactivity from both U.S. and Soviet tests, keep watching their rain apprehensively. Last week they reported a radioactive shower which indicated that the Russians have exploded still another "device" somewhere in darkest Siberia.

The Fear. The reality of the radiation danger is hard to estimate. The truth is that no one knows the entire truth—not even the atomic experts.

The early-type fission bombs killed

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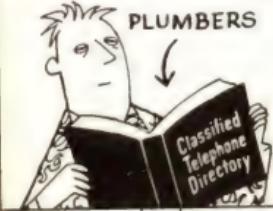
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mostly by blast and heat, which people who had just experienced World War II knew about. Radioactivity, however, was new, and therefore doubly feared. Undetected by any of man's senses, it killed mysteriously. The few Japanese in Hiroshima and Nagasaki who died of radiation sickness received more horrified sympathy than the many who were burned to death or blown to smoking shreds.

Soothing statements during that period of atomic innocence were reasonably accurate. Careful study showed that except in special cases (e.g., an A-bomb exploding in a harbor and drenching a city with "hot" spray) there was little to fear from radioactivity. The bomb's initial burst of gamma rays affected few people. If the bomb exploded high in the air (the approved position), its radioactive fission products were carried aloft and dissipated in the upper atmosphere. When they sited



Archie Lieberman—Black Star

PHYSICIST ARNOLD

Race horses spread the alarm.

down thousands of miles away, they could be detected by sensitive instruments, but their activity was far too weak to damage human well-being.

This happy situation has changed radically with the growing quantity of fission bombs and the recent development of the hydrogen (fusion) bomb. Not much has been explained about the radioactivity left in the air by the hydrogen bomb. There is a good chance that each old-style fission bomb, or perhaps a fraction of each, can be upgraded to an H-bomb, 1,000 times as powerful. The fission bomb will act as a detonator, starting the explosion of "fusion" ingredients such as heavy hydrogen and lithium. The end product of the fusion reaction is likely to be rich in free neutrons, which can enter almost any material, make it radioactive and create vast amounts of radioactivity.

The Fog. In the new *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, Physicist Ralph E. Lapp describes the radioactive aftereffects

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THE WORLD OVER REMEDY

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of the U.S. H-bomb tests in the Pacific. Dr. Lapp figures that a 15-megaton H-bomb exploded near the ground will make an area of 4,000 square miles, mostly downwind, so radioactive that all people in it will get a "serious to lethal dose" in the first day alone. If they cannot evacuate, they will get more. Dr. Lapp believes that the explosion of 50 super-bombs could blanket the entire north-eastern U.S. "in a serious to lethal radioactive fog."

This possibility was underlined by the H-test of March 1, 1954, whose "death ash" killed a Japanese fisherman 72 miles away, and injured 236 Marshall Islanders and 28 Americans. Physicist James R. Arnold of the University of Chicago, who describes these events in the *Bulletin*, gives no estimate of the amount or kind of radioactivity released by that climactic explosion. He says hopefully: "The damage due to fall-out and [radioactive] rain over the whole globe, as thus far reported, was probably not serious."

The fact is that no one can estimate accurately the long-range effect of raising the earth's level of radioactivity by even a small amount. Geneticists fear, and loudly state, that any appreciable increase will raise the mutation rate in all the earth's creatures, from plants to man. The mutations (changes, mostly damaging, in the heredity-carrying genes) will reduce fertility, cause miscarriages, stillbirths, and the birth of imperfect individuals. The full effects may not be felt, the geneticists say, for centuries.

Besides the mutation effect, there are other threats, even less well understood. Bomb-borne radioactivity has already shown up all over the world: in race horses from New Zealand, and in gelatin from India. Manufacturers of photographic film have learned by costly experience that they must protect their factories against it. So far, it is weak, but no one can guess what effects it will have over a course of years.

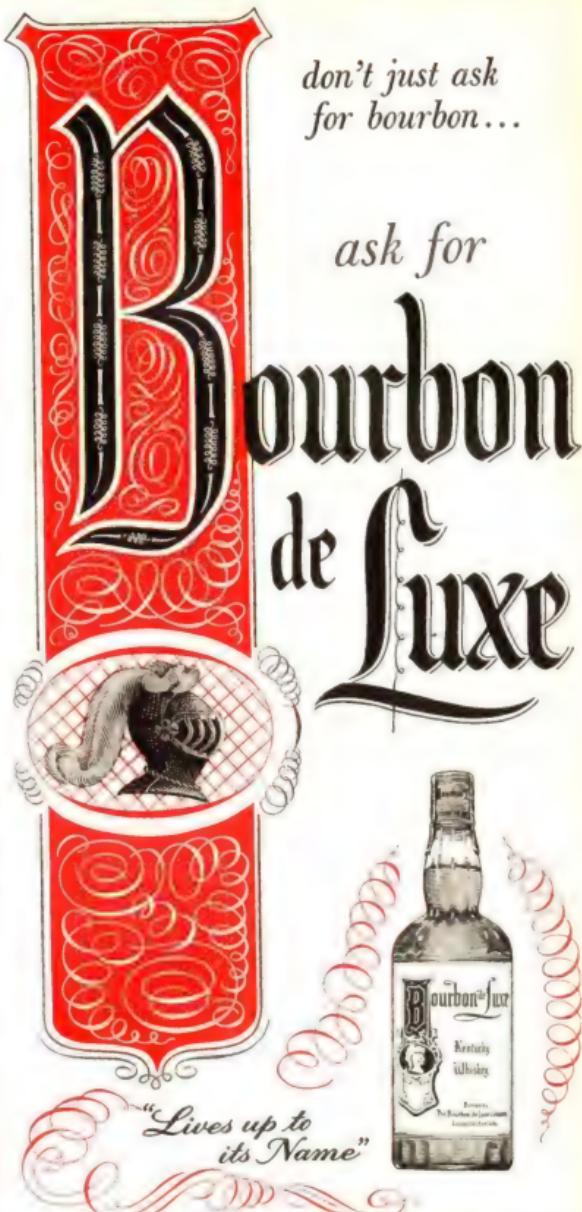
Without more information, it is not possible to estimate how many H-explosions (in tests or in war) would be necessary to do damage to the whole earth.

Directors' Orders

The cells of living organisms have "executive" and "operative" parts. The cytoplasm performs chemical and other duties. The nucleus in the cell's center acts like a board of directors, telling the cytoplasm what to do.

Biologists are sure that some influence, analogous to executive orders, moves from the nucleus to the obedient cytoplasm, but the nature of the influence is a mystery. Last week at a Manhattan meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, Professor Arthur W. Pollister of Columbia University showed electron microscope pictures of a frog's egg cell. Magnified 24,000 diameters, the membrane of the nucleus looks solid, but poking through it are rod-shaped objects. Dr. Pollister suspects that they are chemical memos ordering the egg to develop into a tadpole rather than into a mouse or a whale.

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ART



ARTZYBASHEFF'S "MAKING OF STEEL: CHARGING THE OPEN HEARTH"
Freudians are a vexing headache.

Master Machinist

In a machine age, few artists have found inspiration in the machine. Some, seeing it only as cold and impersonal steel, portrayed it with stark realism; others, fearing it, blew it to pieces in abstracts and cubes. Russian-born Boris Artzybashev brought the machine to life, endowed it with personality, sex—and even ulcers.

This week Artzybashev publishes his first book of drawings and paintings, *As I See* (Dodd, Mead; \$7.50). With good and ill-humored grotesqueries, he pokes

at modern man's neuroses, pretensions and follies. But the hard core of his book is a gallery of his humanized turret lathes, planers and millers. Looking at his portrayal of dutiful monsters, complete with attentive eyes and busy hands, laymen as well as engineers usually can understand at a glance what both Artzybashev and the machines have on their minds.

Artzybashev, who was born in Kharkov (1891), the son of a well-to-do Russian author, began to doodle with grotesque and weird creatures as a schoolboy. He had just entered law school—to round out his education—when the Communist

revolution caught up with him. Escaping to a Black Sea port, he signed on a ship that he thought was bound for Ceylon, but ended up in New York with \$4 worth of Turkish money in his pocket, spent his 20th birthday on Ellis Island.

In Manhattan he served a rigorous apprenticeship, drawing border ornaments for a printer, even did some house painting. In 1922 he got a commission to do the murals for a Russian nightclub, and his fiery red devils and blue Byzantine angels created a mild stir. Soon he was in demand as a designer and illustrator. Once established, he began to try out some of the ideas descended from his old grotesque doodles, and caught the eye and fancy of the critics. Among his commissions: charts and graphs for *FORTUNE*, cover drawings for *TIME*, and a famous series of drawings of World War II weapons for *LIFE*.

Today Artzybashev divides his time between his own advanced doodling (*i.e.*, more grotesqueries) and the heavy demands of clients who believe that he is the machine age's best interpreter. Success has brought one particularly vexing headache: inevitably, some of his sexier animations and distortions have offered a field day for amateur psychoanalysts. Says he: "I get irritated with those damn Freudians. They try to see something in everything. I think there is something wrong with their minds!"



ARTIST ARTZYBASHEFF

"THE LAUGHING ONE"

TO the solid citizens of Victoria, B.C., Emily Carr was a painful puzzle. Born into a conservative Victoria family (in 1871), she was dreamy and snappish from the start. Fleeing to London to study art, she came back with an incomprehensible bad habit—smoking cigarettes. Trailing a thin plume of smoke, Emily escaped again, this time to Paris. In Paris she felt "like a pine tree in a pot," but learned to paint in what she called "the despised, adorable, joyous, modern way."

When Emily Carr's money ran out, she returned to teach art in Victoria. But no one wanted to learn from her; it was generally agreed that the home town girl had not made good and that her paintings were simply terrible. To support herself, she opened a boarding house, raised puppies and made pottery and hooked rugs for sale on the side.

Soon the defiantly *avant-garde* Emily Carr of youth was transformed into a dumpy, frumpy, ridiculous old maid. She would plod the staid streets of Victoria with a monkey on her shoulder and a mangy sheep dog at her heels, pushing a baby carriage full of groceries, while neighbors sneered, smirked, winced, howled or froze with disdain.

The Indians, in their fishing villages north of Victoria,

knew an entirely different woman. They called Emily Carr "The Laughing One." Whenever she could get away from Victoria, she appeared among them to paint pictures of their harsh, hushed land and works. "It must be understood," she wrote in old age, "that my collection of Indian pictures was not done in a comfortable studio. You have got to go out and wrestle with the elements, with all your senses alert . . . You have got to hold your nose against the smell of rotten fish, and you've got to have the creeps. You must learn to feel the pride of the Indian in his ancestors, and the pinch of the cold, raw damp of the West Coast, and the smell and flavor of the wood smoke, and the sting of it in your eyes . . ."

By fervently distilling such experiences in her paintings, Emily Carr made her outwardly shabby life an inner triumph. By the time of her death in 1945 she ranked among the foremost painters of the Western Hemisphere. But clearly for her her prize was in the struggle and not in success. For her, the Indian world mattered a lot more than the art world.

This week in Ottawa, the National Gallery opened a small show of Emily Carr's oils and watercolors. Her *Blunden Harbor* (*opposite*) exemplifies as well as any one painting that is in all her best work.



BLU INDIAN HARBOR by British Columbia's Emily Carr is no mere documentary picture of Indian sculptures on a dock; it has all the starkness and strangeness of the area that Emily Carr made her province.



MODIFIED DELTA WING marks the Navy's first supersonic fighter, replacing the Douglas F4D Skyray. It is powered by an 18,000-pound thrust Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J57 jet engine, with an afterburner, for additional thrust of 30,000 pounds.



SHARP-NOSED DEMON, McDonnell Douglas F-4D, gives the Navy another high-performance fighter for service aboard carriers. The sweptwing fighter will be powered by six 9,500-pound thrust Allison J-71 jet engines.



A NEW GENERATION

DEADLY, TRIPLE THREAT F7U-3 Cutlass is latest in line. Fleet Chance Vought-Navy aircraft. Two Westinghouse J-46 jets and afterburner power this 12-ton fighter. Gunnery, rockets or guided missiles are its weapons.



NEW AIR SUPERIORITY marks North American Aviation's F-100 Super Sabre as a going-to-be of the United States. Sabre Jet. This fast, hard-hitting airplane has one Westinghouse jet engine which develops 20,000 pounds of thrust.



SLEEK F-9F-8 COUGARS are employing 20,000-lb. thrusts of the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's tuned Kerosene engine. The new fighters are powered by four 7,200-pound-thrust J-48 jet engines.



OF NAVY FIGHTERS

Another example of continuing progress in rebuilding American Air Power

On land or sea, Air Power is the vital element of national security. Every citizen should know where the nation stands today in rebuilding its air strength, and what must be done to maintain such strength once it has been achieved.

Through the combined efforts of your armed forces and the aviation industry, improved airplanes of every category are rolling from production lines. Typical are the Navy fighters shown on the opposite

page. They are second to none in quality and in performance. These and other aircraft are being produced today at more than four times the rate when war broke out in Korea in June, 1950.

Despite this progress, a vast amount of work remains to be done. To meet the continuing challenge from behind the Iron Curtain, research and development for new generations of U. S. fighting planes must be continuous year to year,

while production must be high enough to keep your Navy and Air Force supplied with the most modern and most effective combat planes.

Such a program has been given a vigorous start. If carried forward on the basis of a long-range plan, without costly stop-and-go interruptions, it can achieve and maintain at the lowest cost to taxpayers—the kind of air strength under which lasting peace may one day be attained.



CONTINUING RESEARCH is the key to America's continued air leadership. Every advance in aircraft performance depends on more knowledge—or new materials, developed by aviation's research scientists. From their laboratories, test cells, and wind tunnels, comes the data needed to improve aircraft design, to increase engine power and to produce equipment like this small but vital Hamilton Standard air refrigeration unit.



CONTINUING DEVELOPMENT of aircraft or engines, by design or material improvement, increases their performance and safety. Jet engines of 1944, for example, produced about 10000-lbs. thrust and had to be rebuilt after only a few hours running. Top engines today, like Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's J-37, turn out 100,000-lbs. thrust, and when equipped with an afterburner, as above, some jets now run 1000 hours before overhaul.



CONTINUING PRODUCTION of the most modern aircraft and weapons is rebuilding U. S. Air Power. From the weak level of 1947 to a position of major strength, the graph shows Today's rate will give America a modern Air Force by 1957. Estimated future production can provide continuing air strength at minimum cost to taxpayers. With far fewer planes, 1957 Air Power will be far more powerful than World War II's giant air forces.

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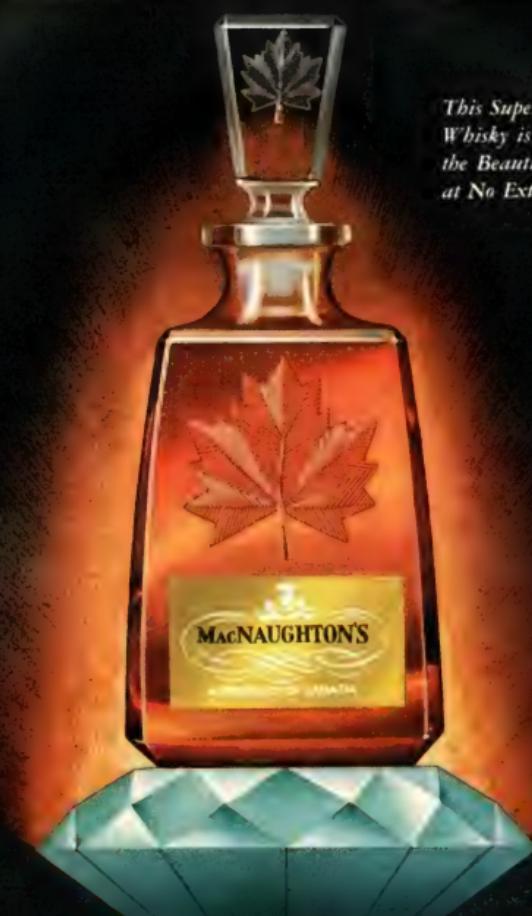
for the armed forces and the finest airlines in the world.

YOUNG MEN—New generations of fighting jet aircraft depend on highly-skilled Naval aviators. You may qualify as an aviation cadet. Ask any Navy recruiting officer about the NAVCAD program and a career in the U. S. Navy.



ENGINEERS—We need experienced engineers in many categories. If you are not engaged in national defense work, write to our Personnel Dept., stating complete qualifications.

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Precious to Give Precious to Receive

MAC NAUGHTON'S CANADIAN

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THE PRESS

A Monopoly of Quality

As owner of one of the most successful newspaper monopolies in the U.S., Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune* Publisher John Cowles has never been the slightest bit defensive about his papers' unchallenged position. Last week, before the annual convention of the national journalism fraternity, Sigma Delta Chi, Publisher Cowles not only argued that monopoly papers are among the best in the U.S.; they are also partly responsible for the fact that sensationalism in the U.S. press is becoming a less and less salable commodity (*see below*). Said Cowles: "As the best papers have grown, the poorer papers, the marginal papers, have, to everybody's benefit, gradually died out . . . Those newspapers that are not in hotly competitive fields are moreover better able to resist the pressure to sensationalize the news, to play up the cheap sex story that will sell more copies than another that may be of far more importance and significance."

Publisher Cowles is not worried about critics who "make the completely erroneous assumption" that in cities where there is a newspaper monopoly the paper is the "sole source from which the public gets its news and information and ideas. There are, of course, dozens of other sources—TV, radio, newsmagazines, labor papers, community papers, outside dailies, etc.—that also provide information and ideas. And if a monopoly newspaper is really bad, then it won't last long as a monopoly. New competition by able and more socially minded newsmen will displace and supersede it." Some of the best papers in the U.S., says he, have no competition in their morning or evening local field, e.g., St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Milwaukee *Journal*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Washington *Post*, Miami *Herald*.

By examining the circulation losses and gains that U.S. newspapers have experienced in the past seven years, says Cowles, anyone can chart the decline of profitable newspaper sensationalism. Newspapers, says he, have realized that complete and fair news coverage builds circulation. With few exceptions, those newspapers that "have had the heaviest circulation losses are not papers that regard full and fair news presentation as their primary function and reason for existence . . . Because of the rapidly rising educational level of the American public and its steadily widening range of interests, those newspapers that were built largely on the formula of sex and crime sensationalism plus entertainment features no longer adequately satisfy all the interests which the reader wants satisfied."

The Case of Dr. Sam

In Hearst's Los Angeles *Herald & Express*, the headlines at first called him DR. SAMUEL SHEPPARD. Then the name was shortened to DR. SHEPPARD. By last week it was simply DR. SAM or just SAM. He needed no further identification. The

We Believe . . .

We believe that it's good to buy common stocks.

If you believe in the long-range future of American business.

If you have enough insurance and a fund set aside for emergencies.

If you can afford a few surplus dollars each month for investment.

That's why we're doing all that we can to support the new Plan that lets you buy stock for as little as \$40 every three months.

When the plan first started last January, our Research Department picked 20 stocks—20 stocks that investors might buy on a regular monthly basis over the years ahead.

Which stocks did they select?

What might you expect for your money in the next five or ten years if you bought these stocks?

Obviously, we can't answer the second question for you. Nobody can.

But to get some idea of what this new Monthly Investment Plan might mean to a man of modest means, we went back to January 1, 1949 and assumed that for 66 consecutive months ending June 30, 1954, the sum of \$100 had been invested in each of the 20 stocks.

What would have happened? Well, here's the complete picture. Here's what \$6,600 invested in each of the 20 stocks would have meant to you:

	Total You Invested	Market Value June 30, 1954	Dividends For 5½ Years	Market Value Plus Dividends*
Aluminum Co. of America . . .	\$6,600	\$15,172	\$ 788	\$15,960
American Can Co.	6,600	10,207	908	11,115
American Tel. & Tel.	6,600	6,759	1,152	7,911
Atch'n. Topeka & Santa Fe . . .	6,600	9,962	1,602	11,564
Carrier Corp.	6,600	15,924	1,938	17,862
Dow Chemical	6,600	10,349	748	11,117
duPont (E.I.) de Nemours	6,600	10,790	1,028	11,818
Eastman Kodak	6,600	9,578	744	10,322
General Electric	6,600	15,799	1,237	17,036
General Motors	6,600	9,742	1,867	11,609
Goodyear Tire & Rubber	6,600	12,884	1,836	14,720
Gulf Oil	6,600	8,654	932	9,586
International Nickel	6,600	7,305	1,089	8,394
National Biscuit	6,600	7,349	959	8,308
Radio Corp. of America	6,600	9,852	1,146	10,998
Scott Paper	6,600	13,683	1,157	14,840
Sears Roebuck & Co.	6,600	7,951	953	8,904
Standard Oil N. J.	6,600	10,336	1,610	11,946
Union Carbide & Carbon	6,600	9,908	840	10,748
Westinghouse Electric	6,600	12,623	1,101	13,226

*All Commissions deducted. No allowance made for income taxes since these vary widely.

That's a pretty impressive picture, isn't it?

Of course, stock prices do fluctuate, and there were times during this period when you stood to lose if you had to sell.

But on most of the stocks you'd have been well ahead of the game most of the time, and at no point would you have lost more than \$358 on any one stock.

So as we said, we believe that it's good to buy common stocks.

If you'd like to know more about investing, or about joining the Monthly Investment Plan, we'll be happy to mail complete details without charge or obligation. Just mail us the coupon below.

Please mail your primer on investing, pertinent facts on your 20 stocks, and complete details about the Monthly Investment Plan to—

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November 10, 1954

same thing happened in other papers. For the last month the case of Dr. Samuel Sheppard, the Cleveland osteopath charged with murdering his pregnant wife (TIME, Aug. 30), has been the biggest murder story in the U.S. press since the trial of Bruno Hauptmann in 1935. Said *Herald & Express* Managing Editor Herbert H. Krauch: "It's been a long time since there's been a murder trial this good."

Competing Managing Editor Ed Murray of the crime-loving *Los Angeles Mirror* disagreed: "The case has mystery, society, sex and glamour, but as a day-in-and-day-out story, it has been duller than dishwater." Many another newsmen raised the question: Is the Sheppard case worth the space U.S. dailies are giving it?

Rare Opportunity? Even before the trial got under way, some editors decided it was going to be the biggest crime story in years. Publisher William R. Hearst Jr., who has been trying to jack up his ailing chain, saw the trial as a rare opportunity. He ordered a task force dispatched to Cleveland, led by Sub Sister Dorothy Kilgallen (TIME, Nov. 15). Handyman Bob Considine and Cartoonist Burris Jenkins Jr. (for courtroom sketches). Scripps-Howard followed suit with its own crew, including Inspector Robert Fabian of Scotland Yard, who, repelled by the Hollywood-like atmosphere of the trial, wrote icily: "In the staid atmosphere of the Old Bailey, this would not have been allowed." Even the conservative *New York Herald Tribune* sent a specialist: Margaret Parton, whose literate, low-keyed reporting, the first such crime reporting she has ever done, was probably the best on the trial. Newsmen, assigned to the story by papers all over the U.S., filled almost every spectator seat in the courtroom.

But to date the trial has been disappointing. Reporters tried to pep it up by calling Dr. Sam "the Romeo of the rubbing table," got their doctors mixed by describing his extramarital girl friend, Susan Hayes, as the "orthopedic wench." "For an osteopath," commented the *New York Post* on Dr. Sam's calm courtroom demeanor, "he hardly moved a muscle." Headlines promised BOMBSHELL DUE AT TRIAL TODAY AND NEW SHEPPARD SEX ANGLE HINTED. But no bombs burst, no angles materialized.

Not Enough Holler. To stave off courtroom boredom, newsmen covered each other. A columnist for the *Cleveland Press*, which is devoting at least two full pages a day to the trial, reported that Scripps-Howard Correspondent Andrew Tully, wheezing and coughing with a cold, made such a racket that Dr. Sam's brother, Stephen, turned to him in annoyance and said: "Drop dead." Replied Tully: "I've got to stay around for the hanging."

Many readers apparently were as bored as the reporters. Newsstand sales of papers rarely showed an increase. Complained a Denver newsstand operator: "Sure I read about the trial, but there ain't much holler in the stories."



"They're coming in!"

How duck fever—and Northwestern Bank—help build the business climate of the booming Northwest

When the Mississippi flyway is loud with the wings of southbound birds, ducks decoy into circulation some \$17,127,060 from the pockets of Minnesota hunters.

Ducks, upland birds, small game and deer keep the state's three-hundred-thousand-odd nimrods spendthrift and feverish in the crisp fall weather.

(Example: They fired 7,700,500 shotgun shells last year! Laid end to end, these would reach from Northwestern National Bank in Minneapolis to the outskirts of Winnipeg, as the duck flies.)

Guns, boots, clothing, boats . . . Minnesota produces many of these goods; Minneapolis distributes most of them and *all* the Northwest uses them profusely. Helped by Northwestern Bank's financial service, they contribute heartily to the region's healthy business climate.

Minneapolis is the Northwest's financial heart. And Northwestern Bank, with more than 1,000 correspondent banks, leads in service to this tremendous area.

Be sure to consider the Northwest in your company's expansion plans. We'd like to help.

For helpful facts and figures about Northwest resources that are important to your business, write Northwestern National Bank's Area and Industrial Development Headquarters, Minneapolis 2, Minnesota.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Forget 1929

In Wall Street's big post-election boom, stock prices last week surged close to the 1929 alltime high. For five straight days, the stock market climbed into new high ground; time and again the high-speed reporting tape fell behind floor transactions as traders snapped up stock.

All through the list, from A (for American Locomotive, up $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $16\frac{1}{2}$) to Z (for Zenith Radio, up $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 82), stocks swept ahead during the week.

Steels were particularly strong, with Bethlehem up 83 points to 932 and U.S. Steel up to 63. International Business Machines jumped $2\frac{1}{2}$ points to 340, an alltime high. On one day when 3,720,000 shares were traded, New York Central accounted for 4% of the activity, closed the week at 24, up 3. By week's end the Dow-Jones rail average had tacked on six points (127.65), and the industrials were up a fat eleven points, to a new bullock market high of 377.1.

At that level the industrial average was less than ten points below the 1929 peak. But last week Wall Streeters could point to good reasons for the market being where it was—or higher. Even at their current levels, the stocks in the Dow-Jones industrial average are paying dividends at a rate of 4.96% v. only 3.48% in 1929. In terms of 1929 dollars, stocks now would have to be selling almost twice as high to be equal to the 1929 peak. Furthermore, in 1929 the prices of many stocks were based on paper values; in the present market, many stocks are still selling for less than their book values. Because of the differences, many traders have dropped comparisons with 1929 in favor of a new peak; they were wondering whether the Dow-Jones industrials would hit 450.

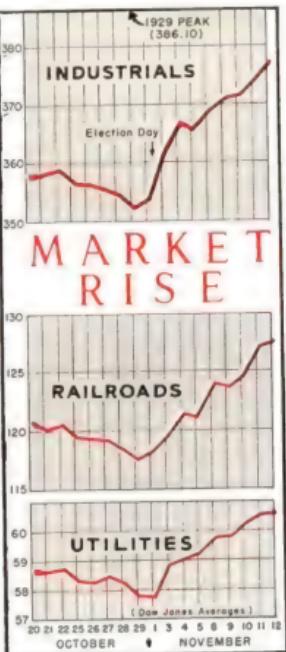
The Open Road

In the U.S. economy, no single business is more important than the auto industry, which helps pay the wages of one in every seven industrial workers. Last week, as another series of 1955 models went on public display, Detroit's production lines were moving at a record-shattering rate. With employment already up about 100,000 since September, automakers set their November-December output schedules at 1,080,000 cars, up 7% above the record set in the last two months of 1950. At that rate, total output for the year would be 5,400,000, making 1954 the third best auto year in history.

A big reason for Detroit's optimism could be found in the dealers' empty lots. Last May a record 607,275 new cars were waiting to be sold; by last month the number had been slashed to 305,314, without a wave of panic selling. Another reason lay in the 1955 products coming off the assembly lines. Last week Chrysler Corp. brought out its new Plymouths and

Dodges, all lower and longer than before, with Plymouth's new V-8 h.p. boosted to 157 and Dodge's to 193. Lincoln also showed off its 1955 model, sporting king-sized horizontal grilles and twin exhaust vents in the rear bumpers. Throughout the industry, sales were so brisk that some dealers have taken more orders for new cars in the past month than they had sold in the preceding twelve months.

Here and there, some of the 1955s were already appearing on used-car lots—but



that turned out to be a tribute to their popularity rather than any indication that they were hard to sell. In most cases, the "used" 1955s had been bought for \$300 to \$500 over list price, and were serving in used-car lots as advertising come-ons.

The auto upsurge, sparking a huge demand for metal, was firing up furnaces all through the steel industry. Mill output last week was at 77.5% of capacity, highest in ten months and a full 20% over the summer level. Steelmen were also receiving big orders from such other metal-consuming industries as machine tools and appliances. TV setmakers, for example, hit a record monthly output of 948,000 units in September and were pushing higher still.

Elsewhere in the economy, signs of the upswing multiplied. Rayon-staple mills were stepping up production to capacity, and rayon yarn prices were on the rise. Hardware sales were picking up, and the building boom showed no signs of slackening. House-building contracts in the 37 states east of the Rockies totaled \$851 million in October, up 10% from September and a thumping 34% ahead of a year ago. As a measure of the overall business surge, electric power output set a weekly record of 9.4 billion kw-h, up 11.4% from 1953.

CORPORATIONS

Avery Enters the Ring

Montgomery Ward Chairman Sewell L. Avery, 81, bounced into the ring last week and swung his first punch in the fight to keep control of his company. From his Chicago office, Avery summoned reporters to the first press conference in years, and lost no time setting to work on his opponent. Financier Louis E. Wolfson, who has had the ring all to himself, shadowboxing with lawsuits and charges of poor management (TIME, Sept. 6, 1954).

Flanked by hawks of Washington and Lincoln, Avery announced that he had hired an outside public-relations firm to present his case to stockholders and would use "every legitimate means to resist the raiding parties being organized to grab the large liquid assets of the company." As far as Wolfson was concerned, snapped Avery: "I don't know what is in his mind . . . This is all a very savage and vicious thing and a menace to the United States. Management is hired to run a profitable business and protect the interests of stockholders. We intend to continue."

Avery said that Montgomery Ward's records show nothing like the 500,000 shares of stock that Wolfson claims to own. Then he went on to explain just how profitable his management was. He was so conservative, he said, dragging out charts, because history has shown that a serious depression has followed every major war except World War II. "Somebody's holding this thing up," he said. Besides, construction costs have zoomed, making it uneconomical to expand. When the depression comes, he said, Ward's will expand. Meanwhile, Ward's has no debts, and assets of \$614 million. Smiled Avery: "Do you know anyone who has \$600 million all wrapped up in a bundle?"

Having disposed of Wolfson, Sewell Avery gave the back of his other hand to another challenger for control of his company who popped up last week. The challenger: St. Louis' Fred M. Saigh, former owner of the St. Louis Cardinals baseball club, who was released a year ago after serving part of a 15-month jail sentence for income-tax evasion. Said Avery: "I don't know who he is. I see he is supposed to be a baseball man. I hear he slipped somewhere."

AGRICULTURE

Farmer's Revolt

Throughout Oregon last week, milk prices were tumbling. In Salem, housewives jammed into the Nameless Food Market for milk at 10¢ a quart; a store on Portland's east side sold milk for 15¢ a quart; grocery chains and supermarkets chopped their prices 2¢ a quart all along the line. The cause of the big drop was an overwhelming revolt of Oregon voters against the state's 21-year-old Milk Control Law, which set strict production and distribution quotas, minimum wholesale and retail prices. The man responsible: a modest farmer named Elmer Deetz, who runs a 12-cow dairy farm near Canby (pop. 1,000).

Actually, the battle started two years ago between Oregon's supermarkets and the State Department of Agriculture, which enforced the controls. The law that had been passed during the depression to help dairy farmers was a hard blow to store distributors. To Oregon's supermarkets, the minimum price provisions of the state law meant that they could not take advantage of the normal price differential between store-bought and home-delivered milk, thus lost a competitive advantage. In 1952, the markets spent \$150,000 in a campaign to get the law repealed but lost out at the polls.

What aroused Deetz was the fact that the law almost put him out of business. At his small dairy farm, he sold Grade A quality milk at 16 cents under prevailing prices to customers who called with their own gallon jugs. Last year the Milk Marketing Administration told him to



Herb Adler—Oregon Journal

DAIRYMAN DEETZ
Cords said: "Udderly useless."

stop and hauled him into court because he was selling milk below minimum retail prices. Says Deetz: "I just had to fight it."

Farmer Deetz and his customers started an "Elmer Deetz Jug Club," printed up membership cards calling the milk law "udderly useless," started circulating petitions for the law's repeal. Deetz tool: out a \$4,000 mortgage on his small farm, got another \$1,000 from customers, used it for petitions, pamphlets and radio time.

Soon Jug Clubs mushroomed all over Oregon with the slogan: "Short Cut to the Consumer . . . From Teats to Deetz to You." Oregon's big producers, who benefited from the law, started their own \$100,000 campaign against repeal.

Last week Farmer Deetz, who also got himself elected to the State Legislature so he could help write a fairer milk law, was back on his farm wondering how to pay off his \$4,000 mortgage. Said he: "I'm 60, and a man my age has got no business mortgaging the farm. But then I got no business going out of business either. All I want to do is make a living . . . and get my boy through school."

HIGH FINANCE

Trouble for Onassis?

Ever since Aristotle Socrates Onassis signed an agreement with King Saud Ibn Abdul Aziz to form a company for shipping Saudi Arabian oil (TIME, Feb. 22), the Greek-born tanker tycoon has found his scuppers awash with criticism. Other shippingmen attacked the deal as a step toward monopolizing the shipment of Saudi Arabian oil;¹⁰ the British and U.S. Governments both protested to Saudi Arabia that the deal would squeeze out shipping companies now carrying the oil. And Arabian American Oil Co. (Aramco) complained that its interests as a producer were endangered.

Last week the New York *Journal of Commerce* reported that more trouble

¹⁰ Under the deal, Onassis would ship only 90% of Saudi Arabia's oil at first, but the percentage would be stepped up over the years.

TIME CLOCK

CAPITAL GAINS TAX revision, now under study by the Treasury Department, will probably call for a lower rate on gains that are made over a long period of time (ten years or more). However, the Treasury will probably balance any cut by also asking Congress to keep the overall corporate tax rate at 52%, even though it is scheduled by law to drop to 47% next April.

APPLIANCE SALES will hit 428 million units (eight more a home) within the next five years, an increase of 90 million units over 1949-53, predicts Westinghouse Vice President John M. McKibbin. Biggest sellers: color TV and air conditioning, which will also more than double the home use of electricity by 1963.

FARM PRICE PROPS will drop even further this year. Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson feels that the Midwest election returns have justified his flexible price-support program, will now push for lower supports whenever practical. First to be chopped: feed grains, now supported at 85% of parity, which will probably be cut by 10%.

KERR-MCGEE OIL INDUSTRIES, which bid \$15 million for a tract of Government-owned oil lands off the

Louisiana coast and then discovered that it had made a mistake in the tract numbers (TIME, Nov. 8, 1954), will not be held to its contract. The Government has accepted the argument that a bid containing an obvious error does not constitute a binding contract, will give the company back its \$2,900,000 deposit.

WILLIAM E. BOEING, founder of Boeing Airplane Co. (TIME, July 19), who retired in 1934 to devote all his time to his lumber business, has just closed one of the Northwest's biggest timber dealers. For \$13 million, Boeing has sold his 23,000-acre tract (1 billion bd. ft.) of fir along the Oregon coast to Georgia-Pacific Plywood Co.

REO MOTORS, INC., which has been having trouble with its truck business, will not be sold to Hearseemaker Henney Motor under the deal originally signed last April (TIME, April 12). Henney has turned the deal over to Detroit's Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corp., which will buy Reo, continue to operate and expand it as a truck builder.

THREE-CENT AIRMAIL experiment will soon be extended to the West Coast by the Post Office Department,

which now permits 3¢ airmail between Chicago, Washington, D.C., and New York. The Government will sign contracts with five airlines (American, Trans World, United, Northwest and Western) to fly low-cost mail between 22 western cities along the route from San Diego, Calif. to Seattle, Wash.

SUPER SABRE, North American's new supersonic F-100 fighter on which the Air Force is spending \$100 million, has been grounded for a thorough check after a series of crashes. Three of the new 800-m.p.h. jets have crashed mysteriously, killing two pilots, including Britain's Air Commodore Geoffrey Stephenson, boss of the R.A.F.'s tactical school, who spun into the ground last week on a flight in Florida.

TV MERGER is in the works between third-ranking American Broadcasting-Paramount Theaters and Dr. Allen B. Du Mont's fourth-ranking Du Mont Television Network. Du Mont, whose money-losing network eats into the profits from its setmaking business, is negotiating a deal for ABC to take over all Du Mont network programs to fill gaps in ABC's nightly program schedule. Du Mont will continue to operate its three stations individually.

20,000 PENSION FUNDS

The Strongest Source of New Capital

ONE of the newest and fastest-growing sources of new capital in the U.S. economy is the vast program of private pension funds. There are now 20,000 separate corporate plans covering 11 million workers, or 17% of the whole U.S. labor force. Their assets this year will reach \$19 billion, and they are growing at the rate of \$2 billion each year. By 1960, pension funds will have estimated assets of \$35 billion and new contributions will be pouring in at the rate of \$6 billion annually—30% of all savings available for new investment. For businessmen, the big problem is: How should this huge retirement kitty be invested so that it will bring maximum benefits both to workers and the U.S. economy?

Of the 20,000 pension programs, some 13,000, mostly the smaller plans, are insured by life-insurance companies and still invest extensively in such traditionally conservative securities as Government bonds. But the remaining 7,000 programs, which have 60% of all the money, are handled privately either by company officials or bank trustees, and they are using their funds to serve both workers and industry. While in 1946 the funds invested up to 50% of their money in Government bonds, today the Treasury Department reports that the percentage has fallen to 20%.

With the great postwar building boom, pension trustees are beginning to lend money on big office buildings, shopping centers and housing developments. Other companies are turning to well-paying corporate bonds to provide an increasing flow of new money for industrial expansion. While few companies invest in their own stocks (some even have specific rules against it), Sears, Roebuck has put 60% of its \$600 million fund into its own shares, much of the other 40% into mortgages on its 666 U.S. stores.

But the biggest change of all is the flood of pension money going into the stock market. Up to 1950, few companies dared put more than 5% of their funds in common or preferred stocks, for fear that capital losses might imperil benefit payments. Today, many firms have as much as 50% of their pension fund in the market, and most of it in common stocks. Dr. Robert E. Wilson, chairman of the \$2 billion Standard Oil Co. (Indiana), calls the pension funds "the strongest source of new capital going into the market." Where Stanolind once had 60% of its funds in Government bonds, it now has only 20%. On the switch from bonds to stock, Stanolind has sharply in-

creased its workers' return, much of it in fat dividends from the oil industry itself. Other companies, such as American Airlines, General Aniline & Film Corp., are also going in more heavily for common stocks. Another large company, with a \$100 million program, has 32% of its money invested in common stocks, another 13% in preferred stocks.

Since few pension investors are interested in quick, speculative gains, the effect of this buying has been to build up as well as stabilize the stock market. Most funds invest on the "dollar averaging" principle, i.e., assign a specific amount of money each year to buying a certain stock. If the stock rises, the fund can buy fewer shares; if the stock falls, it can buy more, thus tending to stabilize the market.

Critics of the new stock-buying program argue that stocks are always risky, claim that dollar averaging has not really been tested since the market has pushed consistently higher over the past four years. They also worry that in a depression, with more workers retiring early, funds will have to take big losses to raise the cash they need. On the other hand, some critics feel that fund purchases are actually too conservative; too much of the money is in blue chips and too little in riskier, but better-paying issues.

For their part, the pension investors defend the current program as neither too risky nor too conservative. Most portfolios are well spread out between Government and industrial bonds, preferred and common stock. As for concentrating on blue chips exclusively, they point to a recent survey showing that in the entire portfolios of 130 companies, only 100 owned five stocks in common. While established utility stocks are the first choice of most companies, their second and third choices are in such growing fields as electronics, oil and chemicals.

In the future the trend of pension investment will be increasingly towards the newer growth industries. The current popularity of such blue chips as Standard Oil (N.J.), Detroit Edison, Du Pont, General Electric has already pushed prices to the point where the stocks in the Dow-Jones industrial average pay only 4.9% in dividends. As the blue chips grow too expensive, more and more pension money will go into new fields. Then businessmen will have to toe a fine line between their basic objective of protecting the workers' pensions and their responsibility to the U.S. economy as a whole.

was blowing up for "Ari" Onassis. Ship Owner and Broker Spiridon Katapodis had filed a sworn deposition with the British consulate at Nice charging that Onassis had landed the contract only by paying high Saudi Arabian officials more than \$1,000,000. Katapodis, who said that he was supposed to get \$1,000,000 himself for being Onassis' go-between in the deal, announced in Paris this week that he was going to sue Onassis for renege. Onassis, he claimed, signed the agreement with him in ink that faded out.

Services Rendered. In the deposition, which was accompanied by photostats of documents bearing on the deal, Katapodis charged that \$350,000 had been given to Mohamed Abdullah Alireza, Saudi Arabia's Minister of State (now Minister of Commerce), for his services in getting the contract signed. Alireza, the deposition claimed, also got another \$280,000 intended for the Minister of Finance for exempting Onassis' shipping company from taxes. Another \$300,000 was reported to have gone to other palace officials.

In addition to these outright payments, said Katapodis, Minister of State Alireza would get a royalty income of sixpence per ton on oil shipped for the duration of the 30-year pact. His guaranteed minimum: \$140,000 a year. He would also be sole agent for all Onassis ships clearing Saudi Arabian ports, collecting a fixed fee of \$850 a vessel. Should Alireza die before the agreement expires, the deposition claimed, the money will go to his heirs. When Saudi Arabian officials wanted more money, said the deposition, Onassis did not balk: "Onassis told me . . . he would play an important role in the development of natural resources in Saudi Arabia which . . . would make him . . . the most powerful man in the world."

Completely Unfounded. In Manhattan this week, Ari Onassis denied everything. "The charges are completely unfounded," he said. While he knew Katapodis as a "peddler" of deals, "I have never been represented by him in any negotiations." To Onassis it looked as if Katapodis had been put up to making the deposition by "competitors."

From an Onassis associate in Cairo came another denial of the whole business. Ali Alireza, brother and business partner of Minister of Commerce Mohamed Abdullah and a key figure in the negotiations, said: "I can swear no such payments were made . . . Mr. Onassis made his offer directly to His Majesty's government . . . So whom would he bribe, or why? Suppose he bribed two, even three men. The agreement still needed the Cabinet's unanimous consent . . . Certainly Onassis couldn't bribe men like these with a million dollars."

RETAIL TRADE Help for Santa

Moppets who have been watching their parents build boats, houses, planes, and almost everything else in the great do-it-yourself boom (TIME, Aug. 2), are getting a chance to join in the fun. Do-it-

From every angle...the New

BURROUGHS SENSIMATIC "50"



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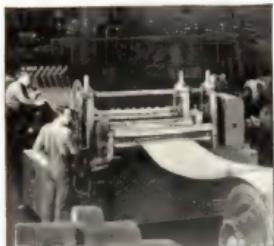
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One manufacturer said: "Our strip inventories have been reduced by 60% and greatly simplified. Our requirements in slit strands can now be quickly met from a relatively small stock of mill-width coils." Another manufacturer remarked: "We no longer have to worry about ordering strip long in advance, complicating our production planning." A third manufacturer made this comment: "We can now buy our strip wherever we can get the best quality, price and delivery. That saves a lot of time, money and worry."

Any one of these and other benefits may in itself be sufficient to justify the investment; yet, quite aside from this, the direct savings in slitting cost always repays the investment in a short time, often in less than a year.

Ask for the Yoder Slitter Book. It contains cost studies, time studies, information on scrap disposal, coil handling, small versus large slitters, and many other subjects of interest to users of coiled strip and sheets.

THE YODER COMPANY
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yourself is the big trend in Christmas toys this year, and children will be able to turn out everything from clocks and racing cars to model battleships. Toymakers are so sure do-it-yourself will be a yuletide hit, that they hope for sales of \$1 billion in 1954 for the first time in history.

There are hundreds of new hobby and model kits. Strombecker has knock-down dollhouse furniture (7- and 8-piece sets for \$2.50) to give aspiring Chippendales a chance to prove their talents; when they have finished making their own furniture, they can assemble a prefab, 6-room dollhouse from a Keystone Wood Toys kit (\$14.95). Renwal Manufacturing Co. has a Be a Designer set (\$4.98) with 20 pieces of miniature furniture, paints and traceable designs to make the plastic pieces look different. For more advanced work, Walter L. Herne Co. has a three-sided furnished room (\$5) with different wallpapers and upholstery fabrics for experimentation. Toy King Louis Marx has brought out a prefabricated model of the White House, with 3-in. plastic statues of the nation's 33 Presidents, plus paints to color them. And Manhattan's F.A.O. Schwarz has a fully furnished colonial dollhouse that can be equipped with miniature brooms, linen, toys, and even tiny beer steins with movable tops (about \$300).

The sports-car boom has spawned dozens of kits. Doekee has put out a 50-part set that assembles into a realistic scale model of the MG; Ideal has a Chevrolet Corvette model kit for \$4. For more ambitious builders, Revell has motorized its popular "Big Mo" battleship kit (\$4.95) with a ready-assembled electric motor. William L. Gilbert Clock Corp. has an 18-piece set (\$5.95) that can be made into an electric clock in a short time.

Boys can do their own Simonizing and cleaning with the Kidd-E-Kar Wash kit (\$3); girls can cook with a big choice of toys featuring miniature cans and packages of such brand-name products as Campbell Soup, Betty Crocker Cake Mix and Suchard Chocolate. They can clean with Marilyn Products, Inc.'s battery-powered Electrikbroom Jr. (\$7.98) and make their own perfumes (Rajah's Scent, Power Dive, Boing, Smooth, Jeepers).

Among the more conventional toys there are also many new twists. Marx has a 2-ft.-long shooting gallery enclosed in plastic so that the ball-bearing "bullets" cannot bounce out. As in other years, dolls do almost everything that real babies can do—and one does something more: Ideal's Betsy Wetsy (\$5.98) not only drinks, wets, weeps, coos and sleeps, but also blows her nose, helped by a quick squeeze of her middle. Robert the Robot, an Ideal flashing-eyed mechanical monster (\$5.95), can be made to move forward and back, swing its arms and recite: "I'm Robert the Robot, the Mechan-i-cal Man." Ideal also has a "radio"-equipped FBI car that broadcasts "Calling all cars . . .".

Among electric trains, the newest is Toyland Products' train for three- to six-



SHOOTING GALLERY



BATTERY-POWERED TRAIN



Martin Holmes

THE BUILD-IT-YOURSELF "BIG MO"
And Betsy Wetsy blows her nose.

year-olds. It consists of a string of wooden cars, driven by three flashlight batteries, that go forward and back around an oval of fiber on which is printed an electric circuit. Price: \$5.95.

REAL ESTATE

Peanuts & Bananas

Real-Estate Juggler William Zeckendorf is a man who likes to "turn peanuts into bananas." Last year, hoping to turn the trick again, he started work on a \$35 million hotel and department-store center on a vacant plot in Denver. He soon ran into trouble. The plans called for a 1,000-car underground garage, but when Zeckendorf's Webb & Knapp engineers started taking core samples, they found a 65-ft. formation of blue clay, sand and rock that would have to be excavated at a cost of about \$3,000,000. Bill Zeckendorf told his men to keep on sampling. Last week, instead of a banana, they found a bonanza. They had struck gold 40 ft. down. Said Zeckendorf: "We will be able to stiuce more than \$1,000,000 worth of gold out of that sand. But I wouldn't say that this development means the whole city of Denver should be dug up."

GOVERNMENT

The Peacemakers

For seven months the labor situation at the Government's vital Oak Ridge and Paducah atomic-energy plants had been as explosive as an A-bomb. The C.I.O.'s Gas, Coke & Chemical Workers union wanted a raise in pay, angrily threatened a crippling strike to get it: Union Carbide & Carbon Corp., which runs the plants, turned down the demands. After a three-day strike last July, Labor Secretary James Mitchell and C.I.O. President Walter Reuther both pleaded for a settlement, but negotiations bogged down again; an 80-day injunction only postponed the inevitable showdown.

Finally, the Government's Federal Mediation & Conciliation Service stepped into the fight. By keeping the negotiators in session for 28 out of 34 hours, patiently smoothing over differences, the FMCS mediator eventually got labor and management to accept its own proposal for a top package wage increase. Last week, just 30 minutes before the final strike deadline, the pact was agreed on, and Washington breathed a sigh of relief.

Ike & the Scouts. The AEC settlement was a prime example of the way FMCS's troubleshooters head off strikes. In the past 16 months, under Director Whitley P. McCoy, 60, a former University of Alabama law professor, FMCS has handled some 21,000 disputes. Partisanship has no place in the service. McCoy, a staunch Democrat, was named to the job by President Eisenhower, and he insists that his 230 mediators be as impartial as big-league umpires. His philosophy is that the best labor-management agreements are those worked out by the parties themselves; the mediator is most useful when both sides have reached an impasse and



his life is in his hands!

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Water, water everywhere? Let's not fool ourselves.

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need outside help to see their problem in its real light. Says McCoy: "Our efforts center chiefly on helping negotiators who have been unable, for whatever the reasons, to help themselves."

To relax tired and angry negotiators, McCoy sometimes likes to tell a hoary old joke. "But McCoy's men can be tough, too. They sometimes keep labor and management at the table for 60 hours without a break. "If the boys get out," says one of McCoy's men, "they come back with new ideas, and the whole negotiation may collapse."

Ounce of Prevention. Just as important as mediation is the FMCS's arbitration service, in which McCoy provides an impartial arbitrator to sit in judgment and hand down a decision. The Government's only role is to suggest a list of arbitrators: labor and management choose the man, pay the costs, and agree beforehand to abide by the decision. Arbitrators have been so successful at their jobs that requests for their services jumped 55% in fiscal 1954.

In Washington last week, Mediator McCoy was clearing the decks for what promises to be one of the toughest battles in years: the C.I.O.'s push for a guaranteed annual wage from the auto industry. Though negotiations will not start until spring, McCoy is already briefing three top FMCS mediators on all the facts and arguments in the case. He hopes to use the negotiations as a testing ground for one of his favorite ideas: the best way to avoid labor trouble would be through preventive mediation. He wants FMCS men to preside over the auto bargaining sessions from the start as neutral chairmen whose job it will be to keep things moving smoothly, stepping in only when asked. Says McCoy: "An impartial third man in the ring can go a long way to prevent the window-dressing issues which breed deep-seated and lasting resentments."

AVIATION

New Slick Plan

Slick Airways, largest U.S. air-freight line, has been in trouble ever since the end of the Korean war cut military freight orders and new civilian business failed to fill the gap (TIME, Oct. 4). Last week two optimistic outsiders who thought they could cure Slick's ailments took over the airline's management. In as new board chairman and top manager went Delos Wilson Rentzel, 45, a former CAA administrator, CAB chairman and Under Secretary of Commerce for Transportation, who is now president of two Oklahoma City truck lines. In as director and executive committee member went Roy G. Woods, 54, Oklahoma oilman and owner of several trucking companies. Rentzel and Woods got a five-year option to buy 20% of Slick Airways stock (\$100,000

Sample. Three boy scouts reported that their good deed for the day had been helping an old lady cross the street. Asked the scouts: "Why did it take all three of you to help her across?" Chorused the boys: "She didn't want to cross."



United Press

MEDIATOR McCoy
In a pinch, the boy scouts.

shares). Founder Earl Slick, whose family still owns 51% of Slick, stepped down to a directorship.

Rentzel plans to build Slick into an air-truck line, with a plan to truck goods from New York to Chicago, then fly the cargo to the West Coast. Combined air-truck freight would go across the country in two to three days, compared with eight to nine by rail freight, at an air-freight rate somewhere between present air and rail charges.

WALL STREET

Caught Short

*He who sells what isn't his
Must buy it back or go to pris'n.*

This old Wall Street jingle is usually reserved for the short sellers (i.e., those who sell stocks they do not own in hopes of buying them cheaper later for delivery). But last week it was the New York Stock Exchange itself that was painfully reminded of the penalties of selling "what isn't his." It was caught short on a sale of one of its seats: the membership of Broker Edward Platt to Broker W. Alston Flagg for \$74,000. Platt promptly protested the sale. He had indeed once asked the exchange to sell his membership, but later changed his mind and finally withdrew the request.

To deliver on its embarrassing short sale, the exchange promised Flagg the next available seat and at the same price. But when a seat came up for sale last week, the price had soared to \$90,000, thanks partly to the booming market. For the exchange to make good would have cost it \$16,000, or over 10% of its annual profit. While the officials wondered what to do, the price suddenly broke to \$80,000, then \$75,000. With that, the exchange scrambled to cover its position, got off at a cost of only \$1,000.

BUILDER-DEALERS WANTED!

We Are Ready to Franchise an Additional 200 Dealers to Serve a \$20 Billion Market in Which Our Share Has Tripled in Four Years

NNATIONAL HOMES CORPORATION, the largest producer of prefabricated houses in the world, and its dealers will build an estimated 2.16% of all the new, single-family, non-farm dwellings constructed in the United States in 1954. They will account for over 40% of all new prefabricated houses. Gross sales for the present calendar year will reach an estimated \$52,000,000.

At our plants in Lafayette, Indiana, and near Elmira, New York, we are now manufacturing houses at the rate of 120 per day. All these houses are sold before they are manufactured. During 1955 we foresee total production—and sales—of 30,000 houses, ranging in price from \$6,000 to \$40,000. For the next calendar year we estimate a sales volume of \$78,000,000.

To do this job, we have the ablest designers and architects in the country. We have developed manufacturing techniques that insure not only lowest prices but significantly better quality than can be achieved by the old, conventional methods of building. We have perfected a delivery system so organized that a house leaves one of our plants every 12 minutes on one of our 240 trailer trucks. We have 551 dealers in 40 states and the District of Columbia.

Our lowest priced house can be comfortably financed by anyone with \$350 in cash and a budget of \$45 a month for housing. Owners who have resold have found a considerable appreciation in value, and financing for new purchasers has been readily available.

In 1947 a wholly owned subsidiary, National Homes Acceptance Corporation was established. Although we prefer to see local banks provide the mortgage money, the Acceptance Corporation today can take every proper mortgage that comes to it from National Homes dealers, and as of June 30, 1954, was servicing over \$130 million in mortgages. All these mortgages are insured by the Federal Housing Administration or the Veterans' Administration, and they are being taken by many of the largest insurance companies and savings banks in the country.

The Homes We Manufacture

The National Homes Corporation designs and produces prefabricated houses in a variety of models and price ranges. We make it a point to supply houses that fit into the framework of the Federal Housing Act and that can be bought for the minimum amount of required cash and monthly payments. We also have a

custom-line that has had wide appeal—houses of sophisticated, modern styling designed for modern living. The quality of all National's houses is the same—prices vary due to differences in styles and sizes.

Our houses are complete homes. We provide plumbing fixtures, lines and water heaters, a furnace with flue, connections and thermostatic control, all wiring and lighting fixtures. Interior and exterior walls are finished in smart, imaginative treatments.

At present we have 31 floor plans of from five to nine rooms, each with many exterior design variations.

When a National Homes house is delivered to a site with a ready foundation, it can be put up in a single day. It can be completely prepared for occupancy by the dealer using local labor in three or four weeks, or less, if necessary.

The materials and construction of our houses have been tested by leading research organizations in the country including the U. S. Forest Products Laboratory and Purdue University's School of Civil Engineering; and have been approved by the Building Officials Conference of America, the Pacific Coast Building Officials Conference and the Southern Building Code Congress. Modern factory manufacturing methods, because of the high quality and precision demanded by the very nature of this process, are an important assurance of the quality of the product. Inspection procedures at the factory are rigid. Our research and development department searches constantly for better materials and techniques.

The Key Part Played by the Dealer

A National Homes dealer must be an able businessman with a high standing in his community. He must be capable of running a substantial enterprise, involving both the economic and social life of his town.

We need businessmen who can see the challenge of this market. Building experience is helpful, but it is not absolutely necessary. We have some excellent dealers who were automobile distributors, for example.

We have dealers whose annual incomes before taxes run as high as \$600,000. Any successful dealer should make at least \$50,000 before taxes.

A dealer must be able to bring no less than \$25,000 of his own capital into the operation. A large percentage of homes today are built on large tracts—not on individual, isolated lots. The home building of the future will be a big business based on the wise development of whole communities. Property must be located, acquired, zoned and developed. The dealer must understand all the problems which arise from operations of this kind and size.

We would like to stress the importance of vision. The building industry in this country—which is the country's largest industry—has never been substantially modernized. Prefabricated mass-production—using parts instead of pieces—has long been recognized as the answer. America has used this answer in every other field—for the production of automobiles, refrigerators, electrical equipment, etc. National Homes is a long way ahead of competition in bringing it to housing on a mass basis.

It must be recognized that dealers today are the spearhead of a housing revolution. They can have all the financial advantages of a pioneer position in the industry, but they must also provide the abilities which are required in a pioneering period.

We are working today at our factories on 24-hour schedules. With our expanded facilities we can produce and sell more houses than our present dealers can erect. We see no insurmountable problems. What *FORTUNE* calls "the insatiable market for houses" has been barely dented by conventional building. People all over the United States are hungry for sound, quality houses at prices that they can afford to pay. Housing today is a \$20 billion market, larger than the giant automobile market.

We have described the challenge here because we want to attract outstanding people, and we don't want to miss anyone through failure on our part to describe the opportunity in sufficient detail.

All communications should be addressed to Sumner J. Robinson, Vice President for Sales, National Homes Corporation, Lafayette, Indiana. All correspondence and inquiries will be treated in proper confidence.

JAMES R. PRICE, President
NATIONAL HOMES CORPORATION

NATIONAL HOMES CORPORATION
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systems

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MILESTONES

Married. Evelyn Ay, 21, Miss America of 1954 (who expressed surprise at winning the title because she felt she was too fat "here and there"); and Carl G. Semper Jr., 23, U.S. Navy ensign and former University of Pennsylvania varsity footballer; in Ephrata, Pa.

Married. Jane Powell, 25, blonde singing cinemactress (*Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*); and Patrick W. Nerney, 34, automobile dealer; each for the second time; in Ojai, Calif.

Died. Jacques Fath, 42, French dress designer who parlayed a one-room Paris salon into a \$2,000,000-a-year business; of leukemia; in Paris. One of the three giants of postwar Paris fashion (the others: Christian Dior and Pierre Balmain), Fath branched into the U.S. market in 1948 with a ready-to-wear line sold in 200 cities by such stores as Lord & Taylor, I. Magnin, Neiman-Marcus.

Died. Howard Washington Odum, 70, dean of Southern sociologists and one of the earliest and most influential voices raised against the South's triple problem of poverty, race and regionalism; in Chapel Hill, N.C. During his 34 years at the University of North Carolina, Georgia-born Sociologist Odum exhorted his fellow Southerners (in 200-odd books, articles and monographs) to abandon provincialism, utilize to the fullest their great resources of power, climate, soil and men. He preached his message in scholarly tomes (*Southern Regions of the United States*) and popular novels (*Rainbow Round My Shoulder*), lived to see a new generation of Southerners on the way to realizing his fondest dream; a rich and powerful South that would "stop being afraid of democracy."

Died. Edward Clark Carter, 76, secretary-general of the Institute of Pacific Relations during the turbulent '30s and '40s when it numbered among its staff such controversial left-wingers as millionaire Frederick Vanderbilt Field and Professor Owen Lattimore; in Manhattan. An early proponent of better U.S. understanding of Asia (and the wartime head of Russian War Relief), Carter denied during a 1951 Senate investigation that he was or had ever been a Communist, testified that the I.P.R. had rejected suggestions by Lattimore in the late '30s that it support Communism in China and Russia.

Died. J. Rosamond Johnson, 81, prolific Negro composer and cultural leader who (in partnership with brother James Weldon Johnson and Song-and-Dance Man Bob Cole) flooded the nation's music halls with more than 200 songs in the golden heyday of vaudeville (*Under the Bamboo Tree*), composer of the "Negro national anthem," *Lift Every Voice and Sing*, collector and arranger of spirituals; in Manhattan.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Athena (M-G-M). For Hollywood musicals, 1954 has been a good year. M-G-M led off with *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. Warner followed with *A Star Is Born*, and Fox with *Carmen Jones*. Now M-G-M has made a musical burlesque of some California cults. The idea is brutally chewed up in the execution, but enough remarkable bits and pieces land on the screen to make *Athena* well worth a look.

The story: Adam Calhoun Shaw (Edmund Purdom) has everything a young man could want—prominent family, imminent fame, eminent income. Two young women (Linda Christian and Jane Powell) want not only him, but his attributes, too. Linda is a nice, safe society type, but Jane (the Athena of the title) is something else again. She lives with grandma (Evelyn Varden) and grandpa (Louis Calhern) on a Southern California hilltop. Grandma, a buxom old beldam, wears a flowing white burnoose. Grandpa is a gay old (78) caloric crank.

By day, grandpa's seven granddaughters (Athena, Minerva, Niobe, Aphrodite, Caliope, Medea and Ceres) run yoghurt, blackstrap and spinach-juice store, and after hours they take their eurhythmics in the grove. Grandpa is delighted to meet Adam ("I liked the look of your sartorius muscle as soon as I saw you"), and invites him to a meal of peanutburgers. That night Athena sends Adam home with tokens of her love: a bag of raw vegetables and a bar bell.

But alas for Adam's vegetable idyl! The villain, Mr. Universe (Steve Reeves), idly nibbles at a white orchid and pouts: "You've been avoiding me, Athena, and I'm full of acid and electricity." One day he wraps his triceps around Adam's neck, but Adam remembers his Commando tactics, flattens the meatless wonder and gets the girl. As one of her sisters remarks: "It's wonderful what you can do without muscles."

A few of the story's golden opportunities are polished bright—some of the bad stuff could hardly be funnier—but too many are dipped in common brass. The tunes, all but one called *Imagine*, are routine musicomedy, and the lyrics are of the sort that rhyme "baritone" with "aware o tone." Even so, as crackpots go, Louis Calhern is a Ming vase, and Evelyn Varden provides at least one fine moment. At the Mr. Universe contest, while Steve Reeves is straining to lift the crucial bar bell, she glares at Purdon and hisses: "Don't just sit there! Hold the good thought."

The Last Time I Saw Paris (M-G-M). Oscar Wilde presumed that when good Americans die, they go to Paris. Other authors have observed that bad Americans go there to live. Elliot Paul has often gushed in agreement with Wilde: Scott Fitzgerald tended, a little guiltily, to think



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the opposite. By putting a Paul title to a Fitzgerald story (*Babylon Revisited*), this picture tries to please everybody. It won't.

Fitzgerald told his tale in about 20 pages. The movie, by putting scene after scene like printer's leads between the lines of the story, keeps it going, and going heavy, for 116 minutes. Van Johnson is a *Stars & Stripes* reporter. Mustered out in Paris after World War II, he marries Elizabeth Taylor, a happy little flapper of the '40s with money on her mind. "Are you rich?" is the first thing she asks him. He is poor, but that, as she concedes, only makes it cheaper to live as if they weren't. For a few years the nights are tender, even if the mornings are rough. In between the play periods, Johnson finds time to work in a press agency and to write novels. But when publishers reject his third book, Johnson loses faith in himself, begins to believe in the bottle. One cold, wet night,



JOHNSON & TAYLOR
Outside, pneumonia.

thoroughly sozzled, he falls asleep and forgets to unlock the front door for his wife. She catches pneumonia and dies.

Aside from its length, the script (by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Richard Brooks) is a fairly clever one. The verbal sparks fly often: "I catch colds even from weather forecasts," says Actress Taylor, and a high-society siren (Eva Gabor) screams gaily at a man she has met but can't remember: "Believe me! The only thing I've forgotten about you is your name." With better than her usual lines to speak, Actress Taylor sometimes manages to speak them as if she knew what they meant. And Van Johnson gives everything he has—his emotional range gets steadily wider—to a portrayal that is obviously intended to encompass Fitzgerald himself.

But all these excellent efforts are lost in the general effort to bring the '40s up to date—an attempt about as sensible in 1954 as mixing bathtub gin.

Drum Beat (Jaguar: Warner) is the second picture starring Alan Ladd to be released in two weeks, the fifth in the last twelve months. It was made fast and made badly at low cost (\$1,100,000) for a quick turnover in the neighborhood till, but like most of its predecessors, it will probably show a solid profit for its investors—among them Alan Ladd. The profit might be greater, however, if Stockholder Ladd could manage not to look, in most of his scenes, like a man who is barely keeping awake at a board meeting.

Ladd's product tells about some Modoc Indians who have run off the reservation in revolt. President U.S. Grant orders Frontiersman Ladd, a famed Indian fighter, to pacify them, if possible without firing a shot. To get in practice, Ladd starts turning the other cheek to Audrey Dalton, a friend of the President's daughter. One night he tried to find out what she wants in a man. "He'd have to be good at everything," pants Audrey, carried away in a sort of agricultural rapture. "He'd have to know how to plow"—Ladd kisses her—"and plant seeds"—Ladd seizes her fiercely—"and harvest!"—seen interrupted by messengers summoning Ladd to council of war. However, by the time the No. 1 Indian (Charles Bronson), a heap-ugly physical specimen, is through with him, Ladd looks plenty glad to beat his Winchester into a plowshare.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Phffft! Jack Lemmon and Judy Holliday, as man and ex-wife, give a wacky answer to the divorce question (TIME, Nov. 15).

Carmen Jones. Red-hot and black *Car-men*, with Dorothy Dandridge putting the torch to Bizet's babe and Pearl Bailey hoarsing around in the wide-screen wings (TIME, Nov. 1).

A Star Is Born. Judy Garland makes a stunning comeback in a musical version of 1937's Academy Award winner: with James Mason (TIME, Oct. 25).

Ugetsu. A weird and lovely Japanese film (TIME, Sept. 20).

High and Dry. Some tightfisted Scotsmen (Alex Mackenzie, Tommy Kearsley) squeeze the American Dollar (Paul Douglas) until the eagle screams and the audience howls (TIME, Sept. 13).

Sabrina. The boss's sons (Humphrey Bogart, William Holden) and the chauffeur's daughter (Audrey Hepburn) are at it again, but thanks to Director Billy Wilder, not all the bloom is off this faded comic ruse (TIME, Sept. 13).

The Vanishing Prairie. Walt Disney's cameramen catch some intimate glimpses (including the birth of a baby buffalo) of what animal life was like when the West was really wild (TIME, Aug. 23).

On the Waterfront. Elia Kazan's big-shouldered melodrama of dockside corruption: with Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb (TIME, Aug. 9).

Rear Window. Hot and cold flashes of kissing and killing, as Alfred Hitchcock lets Jimmy Stewart, Grace Kelly and the customer get the eavesdrop on a murderer (TIME, Aug. 2).



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BOOKS

The Genius As a Young Man

THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL [570 pp.]—Edited and Translated by Robert Sage—Doubleday (\$7.50).

Poor Henri Beyle! He had no looks, no money, no social status, not even a good job. All he had was genius. But at 18, Henri Beyle was the only one who knew it, and not even he could be sure. He had just left his native Grenoble on what was to become a lifelong journey devoted to *la chasse au bonheur*—the pursuit of happiness—and the first stop was Milan, where young Beyle served as a sublieutenant in Napoleon's army of occupation. Ambitious, hot-blooded Henri knew exactly what he wanted to be: "the successor of Molière" and "a seducer of women."

Unfortunately, he had no knack for rhymed comedy and little gift for seduction, but that did not stop him from trying. To drive himself on, he noted tactical maneuvers with military precision, e.g., the sneak attack camouflaged by an embrace verging on strangulation, accompanied by the lover's deceptively shy whimpering (noted Henri: "If you go about the business calmly, you can't fail"). He also jotted down guiding principles: "Heroes have intervals of fear, pitiless moments of bravery, and virtuous women moments of weakness." But the weak moments came when Henri was not about and his amorous success consisted in courting the daughter of a household and being bedded by the mother, in falling into the arms of women he didn't love while dreaming of those he did.

As a lover, he embraced compromises, but not as a writer: he would contemplate nothing less than the accolade of eternity and rejected two "fine subjects" for plays "as incapable of enduring more than 200 years."

Nonetheless, the youth who later adopted the pen name Stendhal and became one of the world's great novelists once deigned to write something not for the ages, but for himself. The result is something for the ages. It is the famous *Journal*, finally translated into English a century and a half after it was written.

Analyst v. Butterfly. This extraordinary diary is Henri Beyle's completely candid dialogue with himself between 1801 and 1814, from the age of 18 to 31. Diarist Beyle permitted himself no second thoughts, following his own basic rule "not to stand on ceremony and never to erase." He put it down simply, quickly, directly, without ornamentation, racing on the wing of the event, often dashing off notations in telegraphic French and dotting it with unlikely Italian and improbable English ("She did can well perform and not be applauded"). Diarist Beyle's spontaneous self-communion is raw, inchoate, crackling with vitality, sometimes over-detailed, often brilliantly illuminating.

It was a complex, contradictory person-



Bettmann Archive

STENDHAL
The lover embraced compromises.

ability he undertook to commit to paper and one that would later appear in various guises in his masterpieces *The Red and the Black*, *The Charterhouse of Parma* and *Lucien Leuwen*. The cold analyst ("Outside geometry, there's but a single manner of reasoning, that of facts") was balanced by the man of passionate emotions ("I had possibly the most violent burst of passion I've ever experienced... The passion... was ambition... I felt myself capable of the greatest crimes and infamies"). The would-be cynic ("I've got to attack every woman I meet [to] form my character") was softened by the



HOBBIT
The postman always rings Orcs.

timid lover ("With a little more assurance or a little less love, I would perhaps have been sublime and would have had her"). The fluttering social butterfly ("I was brilliant... I was wearing a waistcoat, silk breeches and black stockings, with a cinnamon-bronze coat, a very well arranged cravat, a superb frill... My whole soul appeared") was brought to earth by the lucid critic ("I realize that the works I've written stink").

Love + Work. Between 1801 and 1814, Beyle ranged from Naples to Moscow (where he witnessed the city's famous burning and Napoleon's great defeat), but wherever he lived, his personal equation remained: love + work = happiness. He ran off to Marseilles to live with an actress and be a banker, wound up a grocer and quickly broke with the "stupid" girl he had imagined was his ideal. He fell in love with the wife of one of Napoleon's leading officials, imagined that old black magic was enchanting his inamorata, that "she looked at me as though I were a powder barrel." But the love fizzled. One violent passion for a majestic Italian beauty spanned a decade during which he never saw the "sublime wench." After eleven years he finally noted: "On September 21, at half-past eleven, I won the victory I had so long desired." It took him a few more years to realize that there was nothing sublime about the wench.

Through all of Beyle's illusions, disillusions and perceptions in the diary, he is constant in applying a method of coldly objective analysis to matters of the human heart. This method is what he called Beylism. It is the psychological method he applied in his novels, the fruit of his self-analysis and his very special pursuit of happiness. In all of this he demanded candor and sincerity, but he knew where to draw the line. "It is not impossible," he wrote, "to be bored when with a mistress, but that boredom should not be shown; it would lose her."

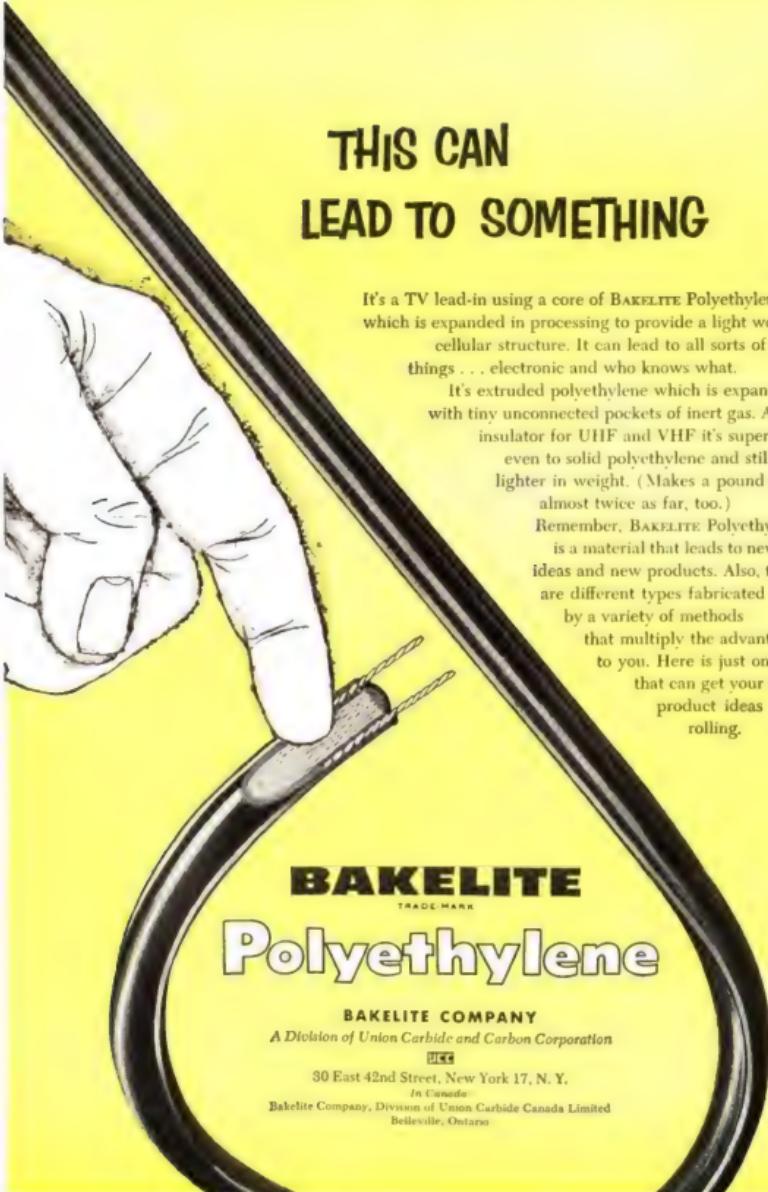
For Beyle-Stendhal, that kind of play-acting was how men of character faced the facts of life. It is a key to his thought. He hated hypocrisy, and so did his principal literary heroes, Julien Sorel, the ambitious provincial, Lucien Leuwen, the morose bourgeois, Fabrizio del Dongo, the romantic idealist. But to all of them and to all the young men who set out to conquer the world, Stendhal's message was plain: be sincere. It is one of the piquant paradoxes of the diary that Beyle offers the advice in all sincerity.

Weirdies

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING [423 pp.]—J.R.R. Tolkien—Houghton Mifflin (\$5).

THE VISIONARY NOVELS OF GEORGE MACDONALD [434 pp.]—Edited by Anne Freamante—Noonday Press (\$5).

The literary world of elves, trolls, pixies and wizards is a victim of technological unemployment. Science fiction, with its flying saucers and its legions of Martian midget-men, has just about monopolized the literature of fantasy. But two new



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books roll out the old-fashioned magic carpet. *The Visionary Novels of George Macdonald* (containing two stories, *Lilith* and *Phantastes*) are by a 19th century Scottish Presbyterian who deserted the pulpit for the pen, and *The Fellowship of the Ring* is by J.R.R. Tolkien, a pipe-smoking, 20th century Oxford philology professor. Both books are fashioned as fairy tales for adults, and fueled by strong and unorthodox imaginations.

Frodo at Fifty. Author Tolkien is the more disciplined storyteller, and *The Fellowship of the Ring* is the more appealing book. Actually, it is only the first third of a massive, three-volume cycle. The novel centers on a plain gold ring, magic but evil. The power of the ring varies. A simple soul can slip it on and make himself invisible, but a tyrant can slip it on and rule the world. In *The Fellowship of the Ring*, which takes place in the "Third Age of Middle Earth," the drama springs from the fact that a simple soul has the ring and a tyrant wants it.

The simple soul is Frodo Baggins of Bag End, who has been bequeathed the ring by a rich old cousin. Frodo is a hobbit. Hobbits are under three feet tall, eat six meals a day, like to give parties, and both the rich and the poor live in holes. Hobbits are "soft as butter . . . and yet sometimes as tough as old tree-roots." In the end, of course, hobbits turn out to be more like people than people. Frodo is a happy hobbit who whiles away his "twelfs"—the "irresponsible twenties between childhood and coming of age at thirty-three." Only at 50 is Frodo driven onto the road to trouble and adventure, by a touch of wanderlust and by the minions of the tyrannical Lord of Mordor, who are scouring hobbitland for the ring. A silver-haired wizard outlines Frodo's task and quest. He must "find the Cracks of Doom in the depths of Orodruin, the Fire-mountain, and cast the Ring in there . . . to put it beyond the grasp of the Enemy for ever."

Orcs, Balrogs & Ringwraiths. Frodo is about as eager to do this as P. G. Wodehouse's Bertie Wooster would be to play Siegfried. The bulk of the novel describes his trials. Some of them would scarcely faze a cub scout, and there is so much hiking in fog and snow, up hill and through bog, that Frodo seems at times like a mythical postman. His enemies, however, send shivers rippling along the spine: toothless, green-scaled Orcs, fire-breathing Balrogs, Barrow-wights who put their prey in a catatonic trance, and the Ringwraiths, nine black-shrouded riders on nine black horses. Frodo and friends best them all, but in the modern manner, more by muddling through than by measuring up to their challenges. Obscure in allegorical meaning but apocalyptic in tone, *The Fellowship of the Ring* sometimes melts its magic in plausibility, forgetting that a fairy tale is a snow man that cannot be brought into the house.

Poe & Dali. *The Visionary Novels of George Macdonald* are essentially religious visions of purgatory as it might have been imagined by Edgar Allan Poe and Salvador

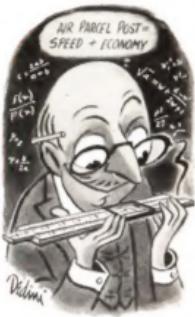
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Dali. Long out of print, the novels have a special appeal for those who relish the mystical allegories of Charles Williams (TIME, April 10, 1950). In *Lilith*, the better of the two tales, a raven comes knocking at the chamber door of a boorish man named Mr. Vane and leads him out into a nightmare limbo of lost souls. While trying to find his own soul, Mr. Vane falls in and out of the clutches of Lilith, a kind of *dea sex machina*. She is a quick-change artist who likes to romp around as a spotted leopardess and suck the blood of infants. After two or three babies drop at Mr. Vane's feet, he wises up to Lilith and her evil ways. Author Macdonald relies heavily on props such as hybrid monsters, cat-women, enchanted landscapes, strange music, and a small army of skeletons. All are intended as projections of Mr. Vane's sinful state. His guiding raven turns out to be Adam

and helps Mr. Vane shed the old wicked self and attain peace of soul.

Though Macdonald's style has some of the glaring defects of Victorian Gothic, few writers have so fascinatingly portrayed a man pursued by the hound of heaven and a pack of his own neuroses.

A Dish Is a Dish Is a Dish

THE ALICE B. TOKLAS COOK BOOK (288 pp.)—Alice B. Toklas—Harper (\$4).

It is reasonably certain that no man ever said to Alice B. Toklas: "If you could only cook!" Small, wiry and quite bereft of feminine charm, she was once cattily described as "the lady with the melancholy nose." But cook she could—or at least she went into the kitchen armed with glorious recipes.

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Swimming Crawfish.

For 60 crawfish prepare a bouillon with 2 cups dry white wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cognac, 3 large carrots and one large onion cut in thin slices, 1 teaspoon salt, a pinch of cayenne and 3 chopped shallots. Boil covered for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Then put in crawfish and boil for 10 minutes, turning them about three or four times. Serve hot, cold or tepid.

Gigot de la Clinique.

A surgeon living in the provinces, as fond of good cheer as he was learned, invented this recipe, which we acquired by bribing his cook. No leg of venison can compare with a simple leg of mutton prepared in the following manner. Eight days in advance you will cover the leg of mutton with the marinade called Baume Samaritain, composed of wine—old Burgundy, Beaune or Chambertin—and virgin olive oil. Into this balm, to which you have already added the usual condiments of salt, pepper, bay leaf, thyme, beside an atom of ginger root, put a pinch of cayenne, a nutmeg cut into small pieces, a handful of crushed juniper berries, and lastly a dessertspoon of powdered sugar (effective as musk in perfumery), which serves to fix the different aromas. Twice a day you will turn the *gigot*. Now we come to the main point of the preparation. After you have placed the *gigot* in the marinade, you will arm yourself with a surgical syringe of a size to hold 1 pint, which you will fill with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cognac and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of fresh orange juice. Inject the contents of the syringe into the fleshy part of the *gigot* in three different spots. Refill the syringe with the same contents and inject into the *gigot* twice more. Each day you will fill the syringe with the marinade and inject the contents into the *gigot*. At

the end of the week the leg of mutton is ready to be roasted; perfumed with the condiments and the spices, completely permeated by the various flavors, it has been transformed into a strange and exquisite venison. Roast and serve with the usual venison sauce, to which has been added just before serving 2 tablespoons of the blood of a hare.

Virgin Sauce.

For 1 person, place 5 tablespoons butter in a hot bowl, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, heat with a whisk until the butter foams, put it over hot but not boiling water for an instant. The butter must not melt. When the butter foams, add drop by drop, never ceasing to whisk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon tepid water. When they are well amalgamated with the foaming butter, add 1 tablespoon whipped cream and serve at once. This sauce is delicious with cold fish. It is something apart.

Salzburger Nockerl.

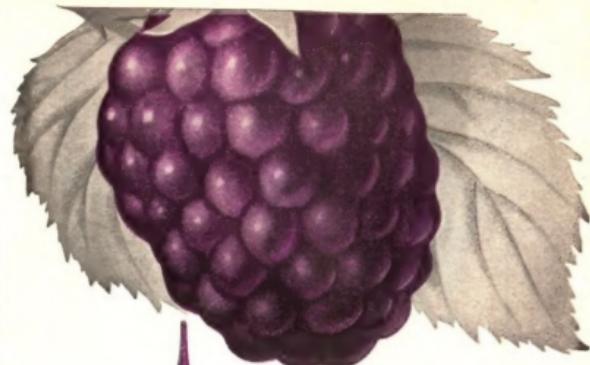
Made the easy way. This recipe is for people who cannot toss a *soufflé* omelette in the air to turn it over in the pan. Mix 1½ tablespoons flour and 4 tablespoons granulated sugar, and 1 pinch of salt. Add these to the well-beaten yolks of 6 eggs. Blend well, and then fold into the well-beaten whites of 6 eggs. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter in a large, deep, iron frying pan. Pour the mixture into this. Cook over a slow flame for 3 to 4 minutes. Then place under the broiler and cook slowly for 3 to 4 minutes longer. Put in a slow oven for 2 to 3 minutes longer. While you are cooking this, melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter until it is brown. Turn your *soufflé* over on a hot dish, and immediately pour the brown butter over it, and sprinkle well with icing sugar.

cook and bottle washer for Fellow U.S. Expatriate Gertrude Stein, who made her name a literary household word with *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (which was, of course, the autobiography of Gertrude Stein). One thing the two spinsters and their arty friends loved was good food, and it was up to Alice to see that they got it, because Gertrude herself didn't like household work or even "to see work being done." Gertrude died in 1946 leaving Alice most of her estate. Now 78, Alice has written a book herself, and, since it is a cook book, it is probably more usable and readable than Author Stein's own volumes.

Bass for Pablo. The recipes range from serviceable to mouth-watering. They are, fortunately, not restricted to the elusive complexities of French cuisine, but make some gratifying forays into solid Viennese and Hungarian cooking. Their names alone are fascinating, e.g., Dublin Coffee James Joyce. Hot Toddy for Cold Night, Nameless Cookies. Very Good Chocolate Mousse. Tricolored Omelette, Chicken in Half Mourning, Scheherazade's Melon, Virgin Sauce.

But what gives the *Cook Book* its special charm is the stream of Alice's prattle, in which the recipes appear like floating islands, in no particular order. Her own recipe for striped bass, for instance, was worked out when she made lunch for Artist Pablo Picasso. He "exclaimed at its beauty" and modestly protested that it should have been created in honor of Matisse instead. In Palma de Mallorca, a French cook almost started a riot in the market place by showing Alice how to smother pigeons (the cook said it made them fuller and tastier). The information came in handy when Alice fixed some braised pigeons on croutons for Gertrude, using six "sweet young corpses" choked by her own hands. Her Frangipani Tart (decorated with homemade French and American flags) was the dessert following a liberation lunch when the U.S. Army moved into the town of Culoz, where Gertrude and Alice had settled down during World War II.

Competition for Chopin. The *Cook Book* may give a little trouble to brides who can't afford expensive ingredients or don't know their way about a kitchen. Alice assumes that her readers not only have money but know how to make dough and can keep several other kitchen operations going at once. She is very firm, too, about measurements and directions generally: "Pour them [the eggs] into a saucepan—yes, a saucepan, no, not a frying pan." This is richer cooking than most U.S. diners are used to, but it will be the fiercest Francophobe who can read Alice's recipes and not hanker for a taste, the dullest cook who will not want to get to the kitchen and try them out. *The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book* is, after all, the work of a lady who can ask (and leave unanswered) the painful question: "If one had the choice of again hearing Pachmann play the two Chopin sonatas or dining once more at the Café Anglais, which would one choose?"



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Arts & Crafts. In Moultrie, Ga., accused of smuggling a hacksaw blade to prisoners in Colquitt County jail, Mrs. Ruth Lower, 18, protested: "The boys in there told me they wanted the blade to saw soup bones. I didn't know they were going to try to get out."

Or Give Me Death. In Oklahoma City, Isaac West was convicted of drunk driving, despite his insistence that he had a constitutional right to drive on either the left or right side of the road.

Ménage à Quatre. In San Francisco, Edward J. Broxton won a divorce after testifying that Nettie Broxton insisted on taking her two dogs, which "sometimes nip at my legs," to bed with them.

Captain's Paradise. In Monroe, Mich., after radar clocked him going at 38 m.p.h. in a 25-mile zone, Greyhound Bus Driver Blake F. Glass indignantly drove his 30 passengers to police court, where they backed up his plea of innocent, won him an acquittal.

Literacy Test. In Klamath Falls, Ore., Clarence Strode, 22, after a hitch in prison during which he had been taught to read and write, was arrested for passing bad checks.

The Mutiny. In Calipatria, Calif., Mayor Edward Rademacher protested to the governor that the town was situated in a onetime ocean bed 184 ft. beneath sea level, was "outside the jurisdiction of the state and subject to marine law, therefore was being unjustly taxed."

Lover Boy. In Milwaukee, suing for divorce, Beverly Shaw, 21, charged that John Shaw demanded her attention "every waking minute they were together," persisted in "holding her unduly often and long," insisted that she "respond to his amorous advances in the same intense manner although this was not her nature," remained with her even when she was brushing her teeth and putting up her hair.

After the Fact. In Boston, *Record* Photographer Morris Ostroff was assigned to get pictures of a pet cat and squirrel that ate, played and slept together, returned without the photos to explain that the cat had just eaten the squirrel.

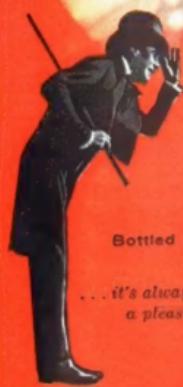
Pot Luck. In Memphis, suing Ada Jackson for divorce, Scott Jackson testified that she refused to give him butter for his hot biscuits, but did give butter to their boarder.

Q.E.D. In Denver, charged with driving an automobile with one arm around a woman, Muriel Webster was acquitted after arguing that the woman was his wife and that it was therefore "not logical" that he should drive through town with his arm around her.

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